CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# MACLEAN'S

April 15, 1949
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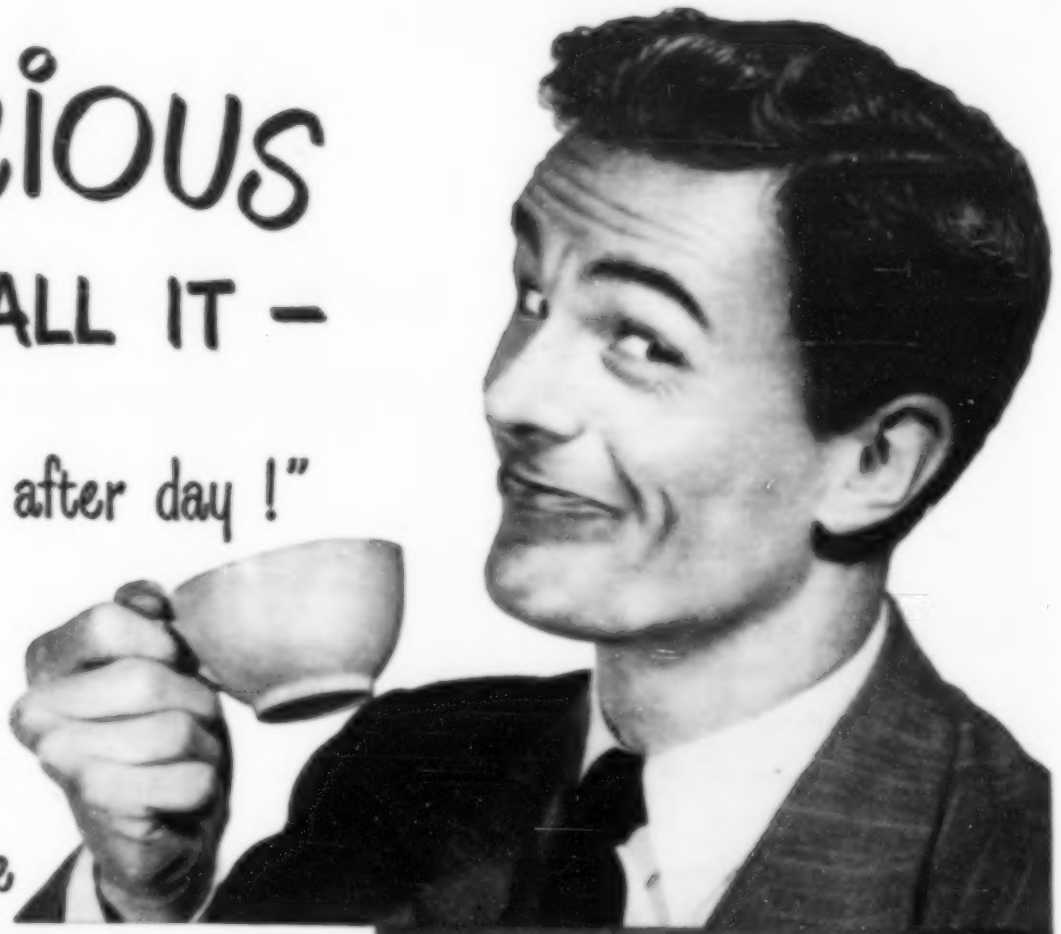

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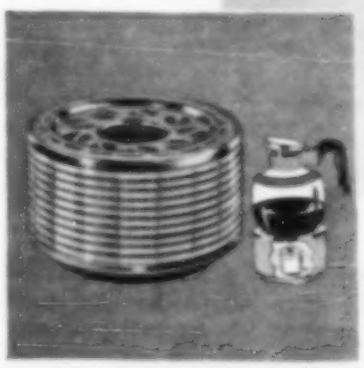

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## MACLEAN'S

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## EDITORIALS

# Let's Fight Communism With Democratic Weapons

FIRST, Opposition Leader Drew demanded that the Government restore some version of Section 98 of the Criminal Code to outlaw the Communist Party and bring Communists before the courts. Then Prime Minister St. Laurent said the Government was giving "consideration" to a private bill to the same effect.

It looks as if we might get "thought control" in Canada without even a serious debate about it.

This magazine opposes Communism as vigorously and consistently as it knows how. We believe Communism can and should be exposed, defeated and confounded wherever it sticks its head up. But we can't see any way of making Communism itself, or any other intellectual belief, a criminal offense—not without destroying the freedom of thought which is the foundation of democracy, and the great and noble distinction between the free countries and their totalitarian foe. Furthermore, we believe the best way to deal with the Communists is to keep them out in the open where you can see what they're doing—not drive them underground.

Just how would the Government go about "outlawing" Communism, anyway? The Communist Party has already been declared illegal under a wartime statute. It cropped up again as the Labor Progressive Party. Declare that illegal and what prevents Mr. Tim Buck from forming a new party called the Friends of Democracy, or the Legion for Peace?

Perhaps the new law would declare illegal all organizations having Communist leadership. Would that make the 10,000 members of the United Electrical Workers liable to a prison sentence?

It's idle to say that in Soviet Russia anyone professing a belief in free democracy would die in a concentration camp. That's the very reason why Communism is intolerable to free minds. We'll lose, not gain, if we try to cure a social ailment by adopting, of our own free will, its vilest symptom.

## Meddlers in Margarine

NO SOONER had the Supreme Court thrown out the federal law against oleomargarine than several provinces banned it. Quebec's antimargarine law is a typical example. The foodstuff may not be manufactured in the province and dealers may not import it from other provinces and put it on sale.

As passed by the Legislature, the law forbade even the private possession of margarine. Mr. Duplessis decided not to try to enforce such a patently unenforceable clause, but his interference in interprovincial trade in a basic food is bad enough.

If Canada's a nation at all, it must be a free trading area. Ordinary wholesome commodities must be free to move across provincial borders. The federal Government's stipulation against Newfoundland, forbidding the "export" of oleomargarine from the new province unless the Parliament of Canada otherwise decides, was silly and stupid enough—an affront to the spirit if not the letter of our Constitution. Let's not allow the provinces to make matters worse.

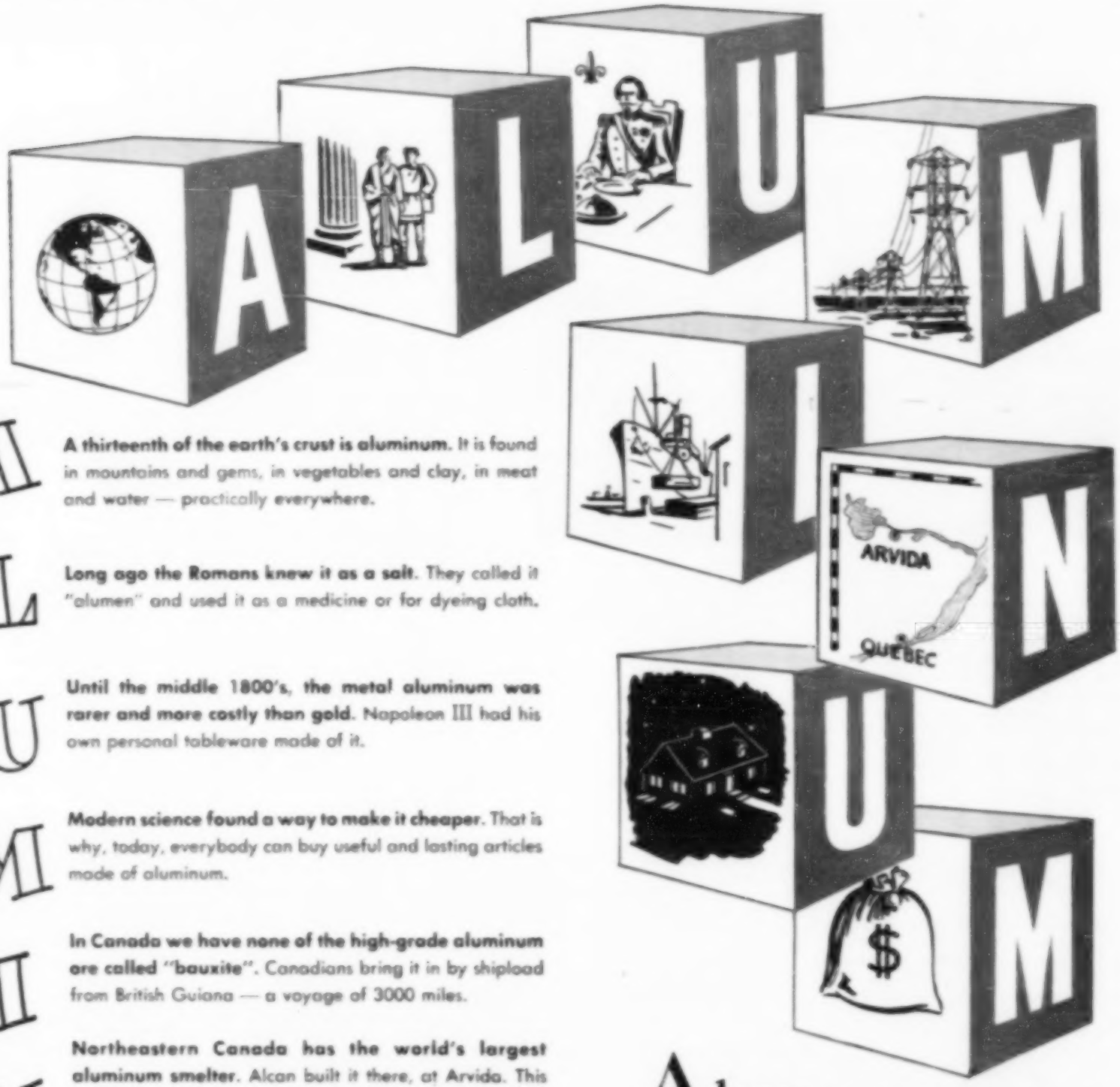
## Too Many Hornblowers

DON BROWN, Liberal M.P. from Windsor One, recently made an interesting suggestion. He thought all branches of the federal Government ought to station "trained public relations officers" at their principal offices across Canada.

This idea is really intriguing. Canada now has many more civil servants than ever before in peacetime and they already are sustained by about five times as many government press agents as we used to have. As time goes on, though, the efforts of existing press agents seem inadequate to reconcile people to the support of existing bureaucrats.

Obviously the solution lies in more press agents. If, as time goes on, the public should again become discontented, we might consider the appointment of subpress agents whose duty it would be to increase the popularity of the press agents, whose duty it would be . . .

You can see the idea. It might turn out to be the answer to the problem of unemployment, too.




**A thirteenth of the earth's crust is aluminum.** It is found in mountains and gems, in vegetables and clay, in meat and water — practically everywhere.

**Long ago the Romans knew it as a salt.** They called it "alumen" and used it as a medicine or for dyeing cloth.

**Until the middle 1800's, the metal aluminum was rarer and more costly than gold.** Napoleon III had his own personal tableware made of it.

**Modern science found a way to make it cheaper.** That is why, today, everybody can buy useful and lasting articles made of aluminum.

**In Canada we have none of the high-grade aluminum ore called "bauxite".** Canadians bring it in by shipload from British Guiana — a voyage of 3000 miles.

**Northeastern Canada has the world's largest aluminum smelter.** Alcan built it there, at Arvida. This site was chosen because it is close to both a port for ocean ships bringing bauxite and an abundant source of hydro-electric power.

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**More than 15,000 people operate this Canadian industry.** They earn more than thirty-five million dollars a year. These earnings flow across Canada.

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In addition to supplying these firms, Alcan sells about 85% of its ingots to other countries. This aluminum is now Canada's sixth largest export, a source of much needed money from abroad.

Because Alcan does market so much abroad, it is able to make aluminum in such large quantities that, in ingot form, it can be purchased more cheaply in Canada than anywhere else in the world.

# What YOU Can Do About Cancer

**Great strides have been made** in diagnosing and treating cancer. While it is still the second major cause of death in Canada, the mortality rate from some forms is declining.

Medical science is constantly at work increasing its knowledge of this disease. Better techniques for diagnosing cancer exist today than ever before. For example, a recent development has raised the percentage of correct early diagnosis of one type of cancer from 36 to 95 per cent.

Advances in hormone and chemical therapy have proved valuable in relieving pain and prolonging life. Improved methods of treating the disease are curing cases that formerly would have been considered hopeless.

Present knowledge can be fully utilized only as more people learn the warnings of the disease and come for examination without delay. Cancer must be discovered early and treatment promptly started to get full benefit from medical science.

• • •

**1. Early Recognition**

**It is wise for everyone,** and especially those past 35, to keep alert for cancer's danger signals. The Canadian Cancer Society estimates that thousands of lives could be saved every year if cancer's warnings were recognized early and treated immediately.

**2. Prompt Attention**

**When any of these** warnings appear, prompt medical attention is advisable.

The doctor may suggest a more complete examination at a Cancer Clinic or by a specialist. It is encouraging to know that in the majority of these examinations cancer is not found.

**3. Proper Treatment**

**If cancer is discovered,** the specialist will explain that the best treatment is surgery or radiation. He will point out that patent medicines for cancer and so-called "cancer cures" are often dangerous, and may give cancer time to spread.

**These Are Cancer's "Danger Signals"**

- Any lump or thickening especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue or lips.
- Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart.
- Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
- Any persistent hoarseness, cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
- Any persistent change in normal elimination.

**Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.**

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# In the Editors' Confidence

OUR MISS WUORIO made her first trip to Western Canada recently and wrote "The Blind Doctor of Rocanville," page 17 of this issue.

Before taking the trip the West had been to Miss Wuorio a large flat area from which many Easterners apparently came, talked about with deep affection, but kept strictly away from.

However, the West and Miss Wuorio got along fine.

She spoke at the annual dinner of the municipal council in Rocanville, where she visited Dr. and Mrs. Merifield. She addressed the Women's Press Club in Saskatoon and picked the winning number in a raffle at the Country Club later in that same city. She spoke on the radio in Edmonton and helped to get a couple of young Finnish immigrants out of a jam by acting as interpreter. She got a parking ticket in Saskatoon which she didn't have to pay when the gendarmes learned she came from Toronto. She gave another speech to a writers' workshop, and was told the straight story about ice worms in Edmonton.

From the look in Miss Wuorio's blue eyes as she sat around the office thawing out and talking about the Prairies, we suspect this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

**"It Was War"**

We were in Hiroshima, a few weeks after the atomic bomb was dropped, with a U. S. Army Air Forces colonel who had worked on Manhattan Project, the code name that cloaked the building of the bomb.

When we landed, our interpreter, a Nisei from Sacramento who was a sergeant in the U. S. Army, asked for permission to look for his mother and two sisters. He said they had returned to Hiroshima in 1940 and neither he nor his father, still in the U. S., had heard from them since Pearl Harbor.

He went on his mission and we walked through the city looking at the flattened buildings until late afternoon when our Japanese guide asked us if we would like to talk to some of the people who had been hurt by the bomb.

We were taken to a ward in a shattered hospital where the blast had punched doors and their jambs out of the walls, leaving gaping holes in the masonry. The 12 men in the ward were terribly burned, worse than the man whose picture illustrates John E. Pfeiffer's article, "The Death Ray Is Here," on page 7. The Japanese doctor on duty said they would die. All the others who had been burned this badly had died, he said.

We walked slowly down the aisle between the cots while the men followed us with their eyes. The colonel led the way back up the aisle walking quickly. At the door he hesitated, then he spoke to the doctor who understood English.

"Do they understand?" said the colonel, jerking his head in the direction of the beds. "It was necessary to drop that bomb. It was war."

The doctor nodded stiffly.

The colonel slapped his pockets with both hands.

"Here," he said to the doctor, handing him two packs of cigarettes, all he had with him. "Give the boys these."

Back at the airfield the sergeant-interpreter was waiting for us. He was standing apart, back near the tail of the Dakota.

"That big bomb killed his ma," said the pilot.

The colonel took off his cap and put it on again. He looked over at the sergeant.

"Tell him we had to . . ." he began to say.

"What did you say, colonel?" asked the pilot.

"Tell him to get on the airplane." He turned to me. "Let's get out of this place."

**The Editors**

FRANCES ANNE JOHNSTON is the daughter of an artist, Franz Johnston, and is married to Franklin Arbuckle, the painter of many Maclean's covers, whom she met at the Ontario College of Art. The Arbuckles have a daughter, Robin, and a spaniel, Fudge. She writes, "I do most of my painting in the evening after the housework is done." While painting this cover picture in her Montreal home she found it necessary to put the flowers in the vestibule each night to keep them from wilting. "Delivery boys and casual callers respectfully bared their heads when the door was opened, convinced there had been a death in the household," says Mrs. Arbuckle.

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RANDOLPH SCOTT

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# THE DEATH RAY IS HERE

By JOHN E. PFEIFFER

**Only full realization of the horrors of a "hot war" can avert catastrophe. There is no real defense against the death rays locked in the atom bomb**

IT'S 8.30 in the morning, tomorrow morning, and you're just finishing breakfast. Suddenly the room is bathed in the light of a billion photo-flash bulbs. A few seconds later there's a terrific explosion, the house shakes violently and you hear the scream of raging hurricane winds. You're still sitting at the table as possibilities flood through your mind—a gas-main explosion, a bomb—The Bomb?

Let's assume you're lucky. You live out in the suburbs. Only a small part of one wall has been blown in. Your house isn't on fire, and the high-speed fragments of shattered windowpanes have missed you and your family. You get up and rush to the window and, through the haze of rubble, you hear scattered shouts like the yells of newsboys with a special midnight edition, or the cries of a distant New Year's Eve celebration. Then a gust of wind sweeps the dust away, giving you a clear view. You see chaos where the skyline was, the crumbled ruins of a thousand buildings, the bonfires that were once homes like yours.

Your first impulse is to rush out to learn what had happened. That would be natural but it might not be smart. The unique and least familiar effect of the atom bomb is an invisible radiation. Perhaps the streets are contaminated with radioactive poisons. You don't know. And what about yourself and your family? Apparently no one's hurt, but this is World War III, not World War II, and things aren't quite that simple.

In the old days after an air raid persons who hadn't been obviously injured knew they were safe, at least until the next one. But that first blinding flash may have given you a lethal dose of neutrons or gamma rays. You don't know. Your telephone and radio are "temporarily out of order." Inside your house you're isolated from the rest of the community; death may be waiting outside, or creeping through the holes where your windows used to be. Whatever you do, it's a 50-50 chance that it will be the wrong thing, and the situation is ideal for cold, rising panic—a weapon almost as powerful as the bomb itself.

The only unlikely assumption about this picture is that the bomb will drop tomorrow morning. If it were to fall next year, or five years hence, almost everything else—the flash, the blast, the fire—would be as described.

Short of a cessation of the present armament race, the current situation is building up to its first climax—the day when the world's newspapers carry the officially *Continued on page 40*

This is the mark of the monster. Fearful scars mark Japanese bomb victim; 120,000 were killed.

When William S. Paley (above) lured away NBC kingpin Jack Benny (below), a gold rush to CBS brought Bing Crosby, Red Skelton, Edgar Bergen.

# The Man Who Stole Jack Benny

**Wild Bill Paley loaded his purse and went raiding for comedians. Rival networks didn't find it a bit funny**

**By JAMES DUGAN**

SOME fellows hoard milk-bottle tops and others breed black cows, but William S. Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System collects radio comedians. In three recent months Paley virtually cornered the U. S. market on profitable radio drolls. He bagged Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Red Skelton, Edgar Bergen, and Ozzie and Harriet from rival networks. A few top comics have not been lured away at this writing—Bob Hope, Ed ("Duffy's Tavern") Gardner and Fred Allen—but some may have gone to CBS before you read this. Wits have thought up a new network announcement, "This is CBS, The National Broadcasting Company."

When the figures were totted up early last month radio was rocked by the realization that NBC had lost $7 millions in business to CBS.

Variety, the bible of show business, refers to the great talent raids as "The Year of Paley's Comet." The runaway asteroid flashed for 100 days across the winter sky, gathering nebulae worth millions of dollars and hundreds of aggregate points in the Hooper and Nielson ratings (by which the size of a program's audience is valued). Paley's comet may determine the future course of radio and television. It has already rocked great corporations.

The first clear result is that CBS has replaced the National Broadcasting Company as the leading U. S. radio network, after 21 years of hot rivalry. And it may mean hard times for one or two of the four existing U. S. radio networks. In the spotlight are the dwindling fortunes of the American Broadcasting Company and the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Although loose talk of multimillions was stirred up by Paley's raids, he wagered less than $6 millions in Variety's estimate—small potatoes compared with the big stakes that will be won and lost as a result. CBS' gain and the rue to its rivals can only be counted by a complex and shifting formula: take the present-day radio audience squared by television, times the hypotenuse of Paley's comedians, multiplied by the coming economic situation, plus "X." "X" is Wild Bill Paley.

Now 48, Paley is marking his 21st year as head of CBS. In the cant of the hucksters he is known as "the keyest of the key guys in radio."

### End Run for King Comic

LAST summer, smarting under NBC's domination of the top Hooper ratings, Paley made a quiet remark which may not have been properly heeded in rival camps. "The difference in over-all listening between NBC and CBS is chiefly due to two or three stars on NBC," he said. He must have been referring to Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly, NBC's powerful 25-point battery in the audience ratings. Not only did they command the listeners, but they had a huge network value as pivotal attractions, around which lesser shows could be scheduled at higher sponsor fees than they would otherwise command.

The best example was NBC's fabulous Sunday night lineup, now totally shattered by Paley's raid. Sunday night from 6.30 to 9.30 (EST) is radio's "cream time" in the U. S. Jack Benny, the most listened-to man in radio, ruled the choicest time slot at seven o'clock, the hour established by hordes of pulse-feelers and head-counters as the period most North Americans are *en famille* and vulnerable to kilocyclic assault. King Benny's estimated 21 million dial settings swept the rest of the three-hour lineup with him.

Figuring that by taking out Benny the whole NBC line would crumble, Paley first moved in an oblique manner. He huddled with sharp brains of the Music Corporation of America, one of the biggest U. S. talent agencies, and together they dreamed up the famous capital-gains tax gimmick, which was the jimmy that pried the comedians loose.

The tool was first used last September on Amos 'n' Andy who were ninth in the Hooper valuations. Paley showed them how to receive $2 millions and keep three quarters of it from the ravages of the U. S. income tax. As personal income this amount of money is subject to about 80% tax levy. But Paley was not offering Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll $2 millions for their personal services. He was trying to buy their dramatic property, Amos 'n' Andy. The dramatic idea was theirs to sell as capital property, just as another industrialist might sell his popcorn factory. The tax rate on capital gains in the United States is only 25%.

When the U. S. Treasury approved the Amos 'n' Andy transaction under capital gains, Paley laid siege to the richest dramatic work of the century, Jack Benny.

Although it was out of the question for Benny to claim he was a memorable figure in dramatic literature, the formula and characters in his weekly play readily fell under the classification of literary property. Paley saucily dangled a cheque for $2,300,000 under Benny's nose, as an offer for Mary, Rochester and all of Benny's subsidiary movie and radio interests conducted by his Amusement Enterprises Corporation. Benny's own acting was not included in the deal: he would come to CBS as unpaid custodian of the merchandise, still in contractual bondage to his tobacco sponsor at $10,000 a week solace.

Niles Trammell, head of NBC, get the wind up at seeing his biggest asset dickering with Paley. Trammell offered a deal similar to the CBS offer. Trade gossip said that NBC would not guarantee it, however, if the U. S. Government tax people disapproved of the capital-gains formula.

Paley was lurking in the wings, and when the Benny-Trammell talks stalled, Wild Bill told Benny CBS would take the chance on Government approval. Benny signed with CBS.

Later the Government informally expressed disapproval of the arrangement, but a favorable decision is expected when the details are known.

### McCarthy Moves Bergen

ONE of the assets Paley purchased was a $750,000 film Benny had produced called "The Lucky Stiff." The film opened recently in New York and turned the Globe Theatre into a morgue. Paley will be lucky to recover half of the cost. But even if Paley's purchase isn't a literary figure or a successful movie producer, he was the detonator of the biggest explosion in radio history. In Jack Benny Paley had the anchor man to swing almost any star

*Continued on page 4*

The kids are out but teacher Harold Petch works on in the quiet classroom.

There's plenty of homework in a teacher's household

# THE LITTLE RED SWEATSHOP

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

**By RAY GARDNER**

SCHOOLTEACHER Harold Petch is one of the solid citizens of the Ontario town of Drayton (pop. 600). From him Drayton's youngsters learn most of what they are ever likely to know about algebra, trigonometry, modern and ancient history and the intricacies of the English language.

Mild-mannered, scholarly Petch is also up to his ears in church and community work and yet finds time to collect British Colonial stamps, curl, play tennis and a competent game of chess (he once was Oshawa champion).

Like many a small Canadian town, Drayton is "dry," lacks a movie house, dance hall or bowling alley. The folk go in for simple pleasures: watching Drayton's intermediates battle Lynwood or Atwood at hockey; the annual Drayton, Peel and Maryborough Agricultural Fair held in a red, barnlike building called the Palace; the Drayton Athletic Association's concert in the Town Hall (featuring "Grandpa's Twin Sister," a three-act play produced and directed by H. Petch). At least part of the burden of staging anything that happens in Drayton is bound to fall on Petch.

In this way 41-year-old Petch is typical of the small-town teacher in any part of Canada: he is invariably a leader in community work. In Petch's case this is wholly by choice, and it's a happy choice both for him and for Drayton. In too many instances this work is thrust on teachers who are already overloaded, teaching in poorly equipped, understaffed schools.

But Petch's main out-of-school activity—like most of Canada's 82,000 city and country teachers—has been trying to make ends meet on a grossly inadequate salary.

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When William S. Paley (above) lured away NBC kingpin Jack Benny (below), a gold rush to CBS brought Bing Crosby, Red Skelton, Edgar Bergen.

# The Man Who Stole Jack Benny

**Wild Bill Paley loaded his purse and went raiding for comedians. Rival networks didn't find it a bit funny**

**By JAMES DUGAN**

SOME fellows hoard milk-bottle tops and others breed black cows, but William S. Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System collects radio comedians. In three recent months Paley virtually cornered the U. S. market on profitable radio droils. He bagged Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Red Skelton, Edgar Bergen, and Ozzie and Harriet from rival networks. A few top comics have not been lured away at this writing—Bob Hope, Ed ("Duffy's Tavern") Gardner and Fred Allen—but some may have gone to CBS before you read this. Wits have thought up a new network announcement, "This is CBS, The National Broadcasting Company."

When the figures were totted up early last month radio was rocked by the realization that NBC had lost $7 millions in business to CBS.

Variety, the bible of show business, refers to the great talent raids as "The Year of Paley's Comet." The runaway asteroid flashed for 100 days across the winter sky, gathering nebulae worth millions of dollars and hundreds of aggregate points in the Hooper and Nielson ratings (by which the size of a program's audience is valued). Paley's comet may determine the future course of radio and television. It has already rocked great corporations.

The first clear result is that CBS has replaced the National Broadcasting Company as the leading U. S. radio network, after 21 years of hot rivalry. And it may mean hard times for one or two of the four existing U. S. radio networks. In the spotlight are the dwindling fortunes of the American Broadcasting Company and the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Although loose talk of multimillions was stirred up by Paley's raids, he wagered less than $6 millions in Variety's estimate—small potatoes compared with the big stakes that will be won and lost as a result. CBS' gain and the rue to its rivals can only be counted by a complex and shifting formula: take the present-day radio audience squared by television, times the hypotenuse of Paley's comedians, multiplied by the coming economic situation, plus "X." "X" is Wild Bill Paley.

Now 48, Paley is marking his 21st year as head of CBS. In the cant of the hucksters he is known as "the keyest of the key guys in radio."

### End Run for King Comic

LAST summer, smarting under NBC's domination of the top Hooper ratings, Paley made a quiet remark which may not have been properly heeded in rival camps. "The difference in over-all listening between NBC and CBS is chiefly due to two or three stars on NBC," he said. He must have been referring to Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly, NBC's powerful 25-point battery in the audience ratings. Not only did they command the listeners, but they had a huge network value as pivotal attractions, around which lesser shows could be scheduled at higher sponsor fees than they would otherwise command.

The best example was NBC's fabulous Sunday night lineup, now totally shattered by Paley's raid. Sunday night from 6.30 to 9.30 (EST) is radio's "cream time" in the U. S. Jack Benny, the most listened-to man in radio, ruled the choicest time slot at seven o'clock, the hour established by hordes of pulse-feelers and head-counters as the period most North Americans are *en famille* and vulnerable to kilocyclic assault. King Benny's estimated 21 million dial settings swept the rest of the three-hour lineup with him.

Figuring that by taking out Benny the whole NBC line would crumble, Paley first moved in an oblique manner. He huddled with sharp brains of the Music Corporation of America, one of the biggest U. S. talent agencies, and together they dreamed up the famous capital-gains tax gimmick, which was the jimmy that pried the comedians loose.

The tool was first used last September on Amos 'n' Andy who were ninth in the Hooper valuations. Paley showed them how to receive $2 millions and keep three quarters of it from the ravages of the U. S. income tax. As personal income this amount of money is subject to about 80% tax levy. But Paley was not offering Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll $2 millions for their personal services. He was trying to buy their dramatic property, Amos 'n' Andy. The dramatic idea was theirs to sell as capital property, just as another industrialist might sell his popcorn factory. The tax rate on capital gains in the United States is only 25%.

When the U. S. Treasury approved the Amos 'n' Andy transaction under capital gains, Paley laid siege to the richest dramatic work of the century, Jack Benny.

Although it was out of the question for Benny to claim he was a memorable figure in dramatic literature, the formula and characters in his weekly play readily fell under the classification of literary property. Paley saucily dangled a cheque for $2,300,000 under Benny's nose, as an offer for Mary, Rochester and all of Benny's subsidiary movie and radio interests conducted by his Amusement Enterprises Corporation. Benny's own acting was not included in the deal: he would come to CBS as unpaid custodian of the merchandise, still in contractual bondage to his tobacco sponsor at $10,000 a week salace.

Niles Trammell, head of NBC, got the wind up at seeing his biggest asset dickering with Paley. Trammell offered a deal similar to the CBS offer. Trade gossips said that NBC would not guarantee it, however, if the U. S. Government tax people disapproved of the capital-gains formula.

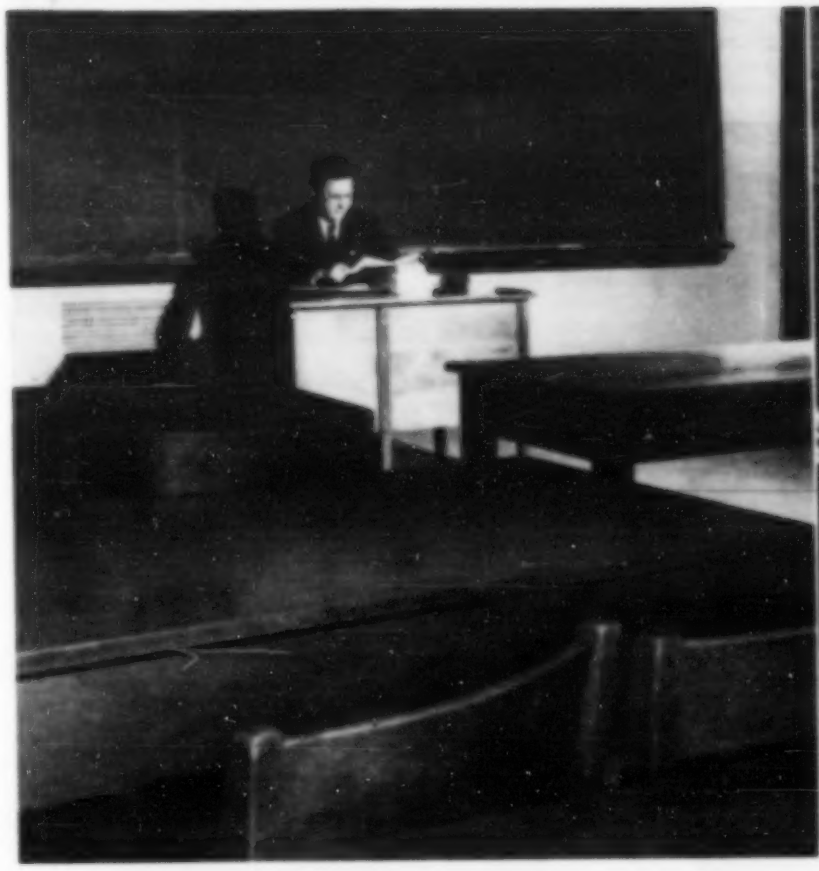
Paley was lurking in the wings, and when the Benny-Trammell talks stalled, Wild Bill told Benny CBS would take the chance on Government approval. Benny signed with CBS.

Later the Government informally expressed disapproval of the arrangement, but a favorable decision is expected when the details are known.

### McCarthy Moves Bergen

ONE of the assets Paley purchased was a $750,000 film Benny had produced called "The Lucky Stiff." The film opened recently in New York and turned the Globe Theatre into a morgue. Paley will be lucky to recover half of the cost. But even if Paley's purchase isn't a literary figure or a successful movie producer, he was the detonator of the biggest explosion in radio history. In Jack Benny Paley had the anchor man to swing almost any star

*Continued on page 4*



The kids are out but teacher Harold Petch works on in the quiet classroom.

There's plenty of homework in a teacher's household

# THE LITTLE RED SWEATSHOP

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

**By RAY GARDNER**

SCHOOLTEACHER Harold Petch is one of the solid citizens of the Ontario town of Drayton (pop. 600). From him Drayton's youngsters learn most of what they are ever likely to know about algebra, trigonometry, modern and ancient history and the intricacies of the English language.

Mild-mannered, scholarly Petch is also up to his ears in church and community work and yet finds time to collect British Colonial stamps, curl, play tennis and a competent game of chess (he once was Oshawa champion).

Like many a small Canadian town, Drayton is "dry," lacks a movie house, dance hall or bowling alley. The folk go in for simple pleasures: watching Drayton's intermediates battle Lynwood or Atwood at hockey; the annual Drayton, Peel and Maryborough Agricultural Fair held in a red, barnlike building called the Palace; the Drayton Athletic Association's concert in the Town Hall (featuring "Grandpa's Twin Sister," a three-act play produced and directed by H. Petch). At least part of the burden of staging anything that happens in Drayton is bound to fall on Petch.

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# THE EMOTIONAL INSTABILITY OF HENRY PERKINS

He reached out his handkerchief, wiped the grease off Jane's face.

## By WILLIAM BRANDON

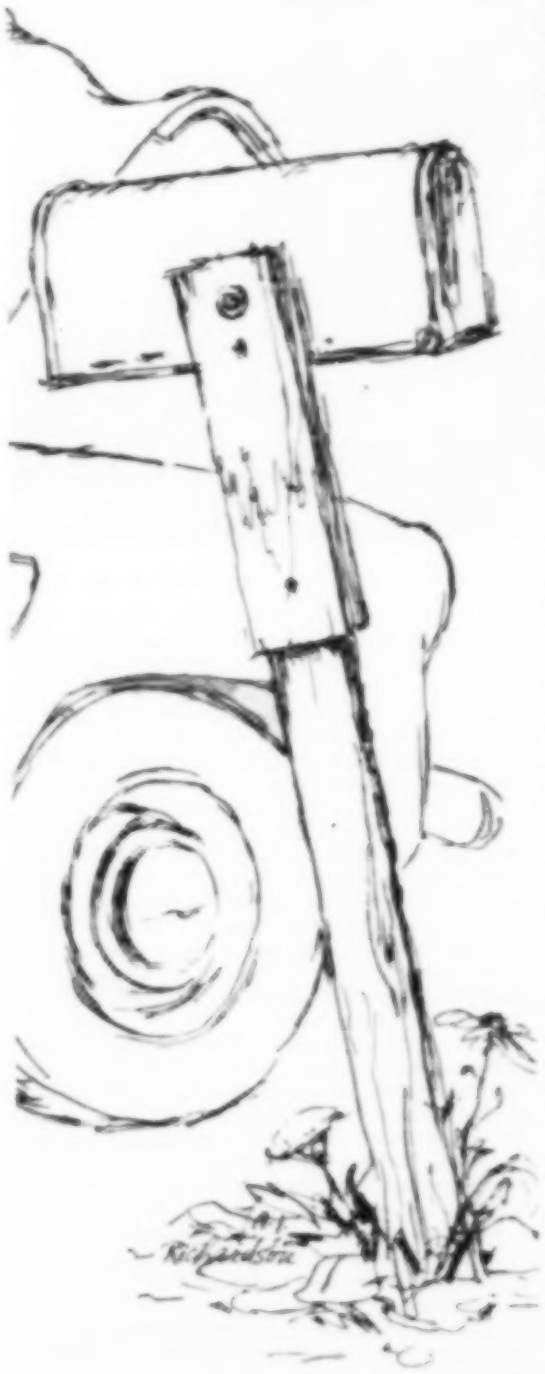
ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

THE farmhouse was gleaming white, with a wide red chimney. A red barn clung to its flank. The emerald hills fell away from the terrace in a view both sweeping and tastefully composed.

Peace settled on Henry's shoulders for the first time since he'd left on the Montreal trip. It was great to be back.

Here the world was always sane and calm. Here, in this graceful old house, hidden far away from the greedy tensions of the city, he kept serenity. Here the sun-ripened summer awaited him, arms outflung, eager to bestow her warm caresses.

Henry stopped his car in the drive and shut off the engine for the incantatory rite of the first moment of country stillness. He was startled to hear, instead, the clangor of a bellowing radio from the house. The leaves on the trees and the flowers bordering the drive seemed to shiver in the blast. Henry got out of his car and went into the house. He came upon a completely strange little girl in pigtails sitting cross-legged before the radio. Her eyes were closed and her face uplifted. She might have been at prayer.



She was wearing ragged overalls. She was barefooted. Henry placed her age at between seven and eleven. The blast and blare of the radio raged about her in a savage sonic gale. Henry switched the thing off. Silence fell like a thunderclap.

The little girl opened her eyes with a start. Her eyes were green.

"Did you do that?"

"I did."

The little girl said "Oh!" in an affronted tone.

"You had it too loud," Henry said.

"I prefer the volume at the proper level," the little girl said. She looked him up and down and appeared to find him incredibly loathsome. She said, "I suppose you must be Henry."

A woman came in. She was comely and well-shaped and burned brown by the sun. Her eyes were as green as the little girl's. Her dark hair was pinned in a sedate coil low on her neck. She was, to Henry Perkins, a complete stranger.

She said, "Oh, hello," with a sunny, pleasant smile.

"Hello," Henry said, still at a loss to explain the presence of these people who had taken over his home in his absence.

"You must be Henry," the young woman said. "I'm Margaret."

She gave Henry her hand. Confused, Henry accepted it.

Margaret said, "Did you have a frightful trip up? Isn't it ghastly weather? You do look so tired. Where in the world is Jane?"

Henry said, "Jane?"

"She must be in the garden, she's always in the garden. Do go and find her."

Henry made his way out of the room. His knees were weak. The situation was beginning to come clear, after a dreamlike fashion. There could only be one Jane, so it would be, without doubt, Jane.

THE whole thing had been a long time ago. There had been Fox Carlton, and then a party. There had been this thin girl with deep blue eyes that narrowed and turned green when he said something he had now forgotten. He had fallen in love with her. Everyone else at the party was glistening and beautiful but not real. He had fallen in love with her because she was not beautiful but real. You could see her whole life at a glance and it was pleasant; it was good.

She was sweet and refreshing in an unstaged, ungilded way, and exactly the girl he wanted to spend his life with. She had a candid, unassuming grace of spirit that was inexpressibly appealing.

Their love had been honest and spontaneous, a happy miracle surely granted only to the favored few. The events of those six days, however, remained now no more than shadows on a veil of memory, exquisite shadows, but fragments of a dream. He could only remember that it had all been wonderful.

The poignancy of their parting affected him still. She had been absurdly young. She had been very much in earnest. She had explained that she could not marry him at the moment because he was not himself and the world was not itself; the war had everyone playing a part. Later, after the war, well, maybe they would meet again. He could remember that last moment with stabbing clarity. Somehow he had gotten the idea that she was renouncing him because of a solemn vow to someone else now gone, probably someone who outranked him. He had told her in a trembling voice that if she ever needed him he would be waiting; he would come to her from the ends of the earth.

She was deep in wreckage.

He wrote to her from overseas and poured out all the agony of separation and reiterated, he remembered clearly, an oath of eternal dedication.

"Call to me," he had written, "anywhere, any time, so long as life breathes in me and I will wade the very fires of hell to reach your side."

Unfortunately he had lost her address along with his other possessions when he had been involved in a ditching a few days later and he had never written to her again. The pain of sundered and unnatured love had remained keen and tormenting for several weeks. The last of it vanished when the war ended and he took off his soldier suit and redonned his emotional stability.

Her polite and rather schoolgirlish note of reply to his letter reached him only after he had returned home. It had brought a brief recurrence of dream with it and he had intended to answer it at once. But he had gone to work for his Uncle Ludovici by that time. There had been the debts left at his father's death, he had been working twenty-six hours a day to pay them, and the habit of keeping hard at work had stayed with him since. There had been no time for magic memories.

JANE was in the garden chopping weeds with a rusty hoe. He was shocked by her appearance. She looked absolutely unchanged. She still wore her brown hair the same way, behind one ear and in front of the other. She still looked incredibly young. There was still exactly the same disarming and ingenuous expression in her manner. There was the same habit of biting the corner of her lip in concentration, as she was doing now in her intent attack on a clump of witch grass that had a root a rod long. Everything was at once achingly familiar. Everything fell into place with a thud that knocked him out of joint.

The moment dissolved, and past receded, and he saw only a strange young woman, in overall pants and a checked cotton shirt, hoeing in his garden.

She said, "Henry!" and dropped the hoe and ran to him and took his hand.

Time reeled once more at the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice. He had entirely forgotten her voice. He remembered now how much he had been in love with her voice, the alluring half-grave, half-laughing colors of her voice.

She said, "You look just the same."

"So do you," Henry said. *Continued on page 32*

**It was all very upsetting. Here was this old flame moving in on him with a sister, a niece and a sheaf of his love letters.. Trouble was, the letters were forged — as if that mattered**

# THE FABULOUS SHOEMAKER

PART II

Bata plant at Batawa, Ont. The blueprints come from Zlin; the bricks were made on the spot.

**By FRANK HAMILTON**

TEN YEARS ago the section of Ontario's rolling Trent Valley that winds down from the Oak Hills past cobwebby little Frankford and on to Trenton was so much picturesque pastureland. Rats scurried across dust-laden, rusting machinery behind boarded-up factory windows—symbols of a depression that had slowly strangled this once prosperous area. White-haired stationmaster J. E. Finnegan watched the tiny trickle of freight move past his CPR station and gloomily computed a 70% drop in local transport in a decade.

Then, in the early summer of 1939, a cocky 24-year-old Czech named Thomas John Bata arrived in Frankford with a sheaf of blueprints tucked under his arm and a bank account that ran into eight figures. Scion of the world's biggest shoemaking firm, and a candidate for Canadian citizenship, Bata was about to build the nerve centre of a cobbler's kingdom on a 1,500-acre slice of the Trent.

To Canadians Bata was, and still is, something of a conundrum. Shoe manufacturers and union leaders had combined to oppose his entry into Canada. As ruler of a firm that sprawled over six continents he was hated and feared. His fight to bring in key machines and technical experts which he had slipped out of Nazi-held Czechoslovakia had only been won after top-level negotiations with the Canadian Government. Nonetheless, his coming was a shot in the arm to the little Ontario valley.

With the arrival of 80 Czech experts and their families, Bata rented Frankford's derelict paper mill and started making shoes. The boom was on. Stationmaster Finnegan quadrupled his staff within a month, installed extra telegraph lines and Teletypes. Bata himself subsidized local taxis so his workers could afford to ride in them to work.

Today a modern five-story factory juts up out of Trent Valley—a half million square feet of windows winking in the sun. On the black water tower on the roof the name "Bata" is painted in thick, white letters of characteristic script. Bata boasts that from boards to bricks all the building materials, except the glass, were made on the job by his workers.

The plant and its ring of worker residences is called Batawa, following the Bata principle of fixing the family name in their factory towns. Elmer Johnson, a Brockville, Ont., shoe manufacturer, remarked after a visit to Bata plants in England and Switzerland: "Once you've seen one Bata factory, you've seen them all." Batawa was built from Czechoslovakian blueprints, smuggled out of the country a few hours ahead of the 1938 Nazi *putsch*. Dozens of other factories all over the world have been built from the same blueprints.

Thus the Bata world organization—from Kwantung's crowded port city of Dairen to Brazzaville, deep in French Equatorial Africa—is a hundredfold duplication of one tiny Ontario town. Bata has 35 factories in Europe, 32 in Africa, 20 in Asia (includes India, Australia), 20 in the Caribbean, six in the United States, and four in South America. His retail shoe outlets follow a similar pattern (example: 220 stores in France, 220 more in England).

The entire Bata organization is financed by the Bata Foundation set up in Switzerland. However, each factory is a separate entity. Young Tom Bata keeps his shoe empire growing by sending men out with cash and an order. Recently he sent a lone Canadian to Dakar, West Africa, with orders to build a rubber-shoe factory and run it with native labor. He gave no further instructions.

If a Bata factory needs more funds it can borrow from the Bata Foundation or from another Bata factory, giving shares in return. Thus the organization is a complicated tangle of interwoven companies and separate units. Exactly how many there are Bata himself doesn't know. Right now control of the foundation is in dispute. Bata and stepuncle Jan (former pal of Hermann Goering) are battling for it in the courts.

Each continent or subcontinent has a separate governing organization. The Indian division is probably the biggest. Batanagar, an industrial city of 100,000, mushroomed up out of the jungle on the banks of the sacred Ganges, 30 miles from Calcutta. It contains 100 factory buildings, is only one of six Bata plants in India. One is a former raja's palace.

Bata's Indian factories produce a million pairs of shoes a week which are retailed through 650 Bata stores. As a come-on to India's barefoot millions they are advertised as "admirable preventers of many diseases and snake bites."

The seed of the Bata shoe industry was sown 300 years ago—about the same time that Champlain

**A billion had bare feet so old Tom Bata stretched his cobbler's kingdom from Zlin to Zanzibar. Tom, Jr., has stepped into his seven-league boots**

was exploring the Trent River—when Lukius Batiu opened his cobbler's shop in Zlin, Czechoslovakia. Since then all Batas (the name has changed) have been cobblers. But the world-wide organization is the product of Tom Bata's father, the late Thomas Bata, Sr., who built it up largely because he was aghast at the fact that a billion people, half the world's population, were barefoot. He changed the tiny Moravian town of Zlin into an industrial machine employing 150,000 persons.

Bata, Sr., who started making miniature shoes at five, quit school at 13 and ran away from home at 15, became one of the world's richest men. Close friend of his country's founder, Thomas Masaryk, he was a political as well as an industrial power. A top Czechoslovakian playwright wrote a play around him.

When he was mysteriously killed in an air crash in 1932 the wreckage of the plane (a two-seater Junkers) was painstakingly pieced together to make a shrine at which Batamen still worship yearly—on Founder's Day, July 12.

Bata, Sr., was cocky. In his early days, when the powerful Baron of Zlin ordered him off his estate, he boasted that one day he'd take it over—castle and all. Ten years later he did. He was also blunt, fast-decisioned and direct. Angered by Swedish tariffs on shoes, he once ordered his executives to get the King of Sweden on the phone. Result: he and the King became friends; Bata built a factory in Sweden.

Young Tom Bata not only inherited his father's world organization and his good looks, but also his bluntness. The other day in Batawa his executives were arguing the sales appeal of a new shoe line. Abruptly Bata broke in to ask each executive if he had fitted a pair of shoes on a customer in the last few years. None had. "Then," observed Bata dryly, "we don't know what we're talking about here." He promptly sent for the manager of his Trenton shoe store—who knew.

Another time startled executives reported that a new vulcanizing oven was so big it would be impossible to get it into the factory. "Impossible? Nonsense!" roared Bata. "Tear down the wall and it'll go in!" It did.

### The Barefoot Census

BATA, SR., insisted on okaying everything from new shoe designs to minor staff changes. So does Tom Bata, who even signs delivery chits for 30 shoes and personally approves his company's publicity pamphlets. Once he ordered his printing plant to drop everything and make up 200 programs and song books for a banquet five hours away. They were ready on time.

Two weeks before last year's International Trade Fair at Toronto, Bata cabled instructions from England to his Canadian publicity director, Art Duncan. He wanted an illustrated booklet on the history of the Bata Company ready for the fair.

Two days before opening day Bata arrived and was shown the book. He thumbed through it, didn't like it, and ordered a completely new one ready by the next day. The perspiring publicity chief knew this was impossible. The books were already rolling off the presses.

Then Duncan learned that what Bata really objected to was a lone picture of himself in the middle of the book. Duncan ripped out the centre four pages and brought the "new" book in to Bata, who complimented him and okayed it.

Like his father, who once flew 6,000 miles to India and stood for days on a bridge spanning the Ganges watching feet to see how many people wore shoes, young Tom watches details in every corner of the world. Once he trekked through African villages for weeks counting bare feet.

Bata's critics claim this preoccupation with detail is hurting the organization's over-all operation. Said one ex-Bata foreman who now runs his own shoe factory: "The weakness of it is that the company is controlled by bookkeepers, not shoe men . . . top executives don't know enough about shoes. For this reason the shoes aren't as good as they could be, nor are *Continued on page 54*

## MILLIONAIRE IMMIGRANT MAKES GOOD — LEAVES FROM TOM BATA'S ALBUM

Bata, Sr., left his only son one of world's great fortunes when he died in plane crash.

When Tom married Sonja Wettstein at Zurich in 1946, royalty was among the 1,233 guests.

At Banff, in 1939, Tom was started on way to Canadian citizenship in western cowboy garb.

Captain Bata drills Mondays with a reserve regiment. He joined in the early days of war.

At Batapur on the Ganges, flowers for the shoe king. Bata is perpetual globe-trotter.

Tom Bata III, born in Switzerland 1948, made the Atlantic crossing in the Queen Elizabeth.

LONDON LETTER

BLACK STAR

The Oliviers head a smash list with "Richard III."

# Footlights In the Mist

**By BEVERLEY BAXTER**

IN 1910 or thereabouts Forbes Robertson came to the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto to play for a week on his farewell tour. He was a great actor, and we knew that this was no au revoir but a final good-by. He had toured Canada at regular intervals for many years, and we regarded him with affection and something like awe, as if he were prophet, priest and king.

It was announced that for the last performance of his farewell week he would do excerpts from his repertoire—an act of "Mice and Men," the second act of "The Light That Failed," and then he would end with the final scenes from "Hamlet." Somehow I managed to get into the gallery on that night, and it all comes back as vividly as if there had been no such things as two World Wars between then and now.

Toronto has always been criticized by those who choose, or are compelled, to live elsewhere, but there is much loyalty among Torontonians for those to whom they give their hearts—providing, of course, that they do not come from Montreal, Hamilton or Winnipeg. Therefore, as Forbes Robertson on that night reached the majestic climax of "Hamlet," a role in which he was incomparable, the air was charged with emotion. And when as the dying prince he whispered that last immortal line, "The rest is silence," there were so many sobs in the theatre that we could hardly hear Horatio's beautiful words:

> "Good night, sweet Prince,
> And flights of angels sing
> thee to thy rest."

In those days there were four theatres in Toronto, and if my memory is right they were the Royal Alexandra, the Princess, the Toronto Opera House and, I think, the Gaiety. It was before the silver screen and the sound track had driven the living actor and the human voice into lamentable isolation. Today the Royal Continued on page 23

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## And Lo, the Shelf Was Bare

**By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK**

MEMBERS of the CCF embarrassed the Government far beyond their fondest expectations when they asked what plans were ready for public works in the event of unemployment developing.

Ever since the White Paper on employment and income was tabled in 1945, official Government policy has been "advance planning of all necessary and desirable Dominion projects so that there may be available a 'shelf' of soundly planned projects, ready for execution when prospective employment conditions make it desirable." In the recesses of the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe's temporary buildings, some 30 engineers have been toiling for 3½ years on this "shelf" of deferred works.

They were the forgotten men of Ottawa. The impression was widespread, even among opposition parties, that they had projects at least in the blueprint stage to provide anywhere up to a million jobs.

When Hon. R. H. Winters, now Minister of Reconstruction, produced the answer to the CCF question, it turned out that the "shelf" amounted to a maximum of 17,000 jobs in all Canada—and that maximum would last for only a few months at best. By the end of a year the total employment on "shelf" projects would be down to 5,000.

M. J. Coldwell, the CCF leader, was so amazed at this reply that he asked if it had been a misprint. It wasn't. The truth is that the so-called "shelf" is more like an attic trunk—it contains the odds and ends of work projects which, for one reason or another, the Government doesn't want to start now.

It's no fault of Bob Winters that the Government's "shelf" belongs in Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Winters took over the Reconstruction portfolio only a few months ago. He spent the first month fighting a by-election in Digby-Annapolis-King's, the rest of the time neck-deep in the problems of housing. He looked just as astonished as the CCF, and even less gratified, when his officials produced the answer to Mr. Coldwell's question.

Engineers in the deferred-projects division aren't to blame either—they did all the work that was given them, and did various pinch-hitting jobs on other projects as well. The Government simply hasn't followed the "policy" of 1945.

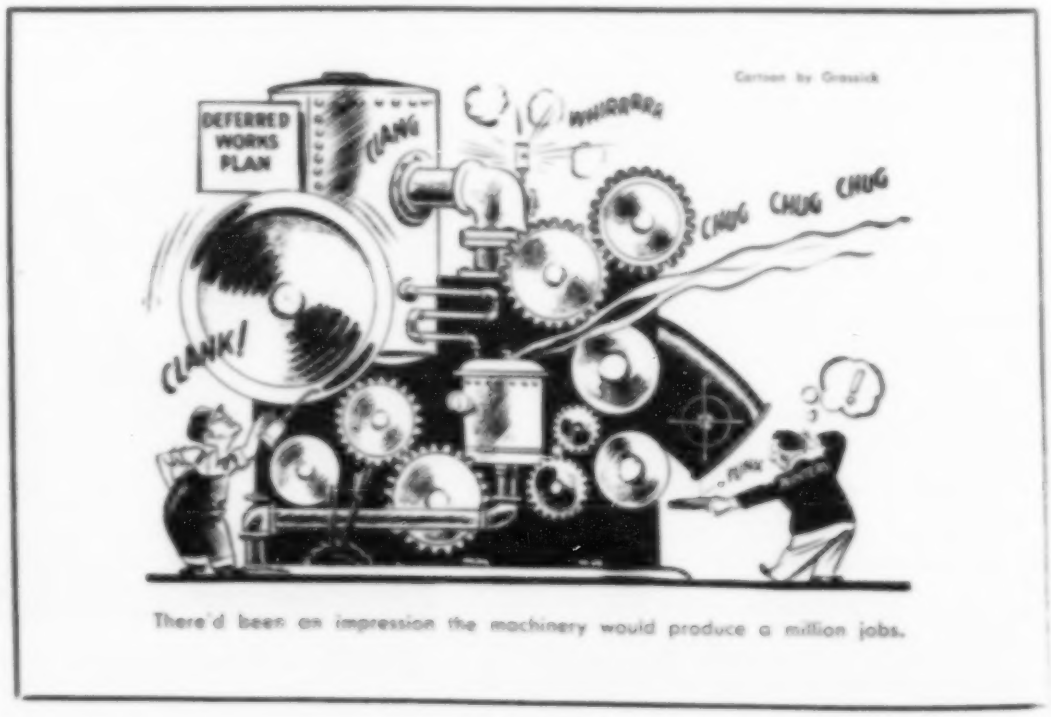
This is not by any means the total of what the Government would be prepared to do to stimulate employment. The paltry "shelf" program doesn't include the trans-Canada highway, to which Ottawa is now pretty well committed. It doesn't include the St. Lawrence seaway and power development, which has a good chance of approval by the United States Congress this year. It doesn't include such projects as the Canso causeway to link Cape Breton Island to the Nova Scotia mainland.

The "shelf" covers only those projects on which all preliminary work has been done—plans completed, sites acquired, everything ready for the letting of the contracts. If the Government hadn't made such a fuss about it in the election campaign four years ago the matter would hardly be embarrassing.

As it is "public investment" joins health insurance, old-age pensions, and all the rest of the 1945 election platform as a ghost to haunt the Liberals in 1949.

* * *

Quebec seems to have put a price tag on its support of George Drew Continued on page 53




There'd been an impression the machinery would produce a million jobs.

# War in the Fur Country

**Fur fever can lead to murder when backwoods bootleggers rob Canada of millions in hot pelts**

By BRUCE McLEOD

ON A sultry June day two years ago Dan Tessier, a lean frowning French-Canadian trapper in a khaki jacket and coveralls, pushed his skiff into the swollen waters of the Shikawamka River off Dalton, Ont. He dropped his .303 rifle across a seat, wrapped a chunk of knotted cord around the flywheel of his outboard and yanked.

The engine sputtered and caught. Dan nosed his boat downstream and headed for the Jackpine River, 10 miles away.

"Somebody bust into my shack," he shouted to his Indian wife on shore. "Be back in t'ree 'ours. If I'm not, call the police. Somet'ing will 'ave 'appen to me."

Next afternoon searchers found the trapper's skiff floating near the cabin he had gone to examine. The stern was bullet-gouged. Stains smeared the seat.

Nine days later they found Tessier floating in the Jackpine. He had a bullet hole in his head.

Police didn't have to wonder about a motive. The tiny mill settlement of Dalton, 44 miles west of Chapleau on the main line of the CPR, had become a hotbed of fur bootlegging—one of many outlets for a racket which, during the unprecedented fur boom of 1946, was bleeding Northern Ontario of close to $1 million worth of "hot" pelts.

Dan Tessier, like most honest trappers, wanted no part of the racket, and when poachers raided his trap line he went to the police. Angry mutterings were heard when it became known that Tessier would be the star witness against a half-dozen poaching suspects. Three days before the first trials were scheduled death from a high-powered rifle sealed the trapper's lips. The killer is still at large and fur pirates continue to tramp the northern bushlands.

Today, more logical trapping laws, more rigid enforcement and a sharp drop in the price of skins have contributed to a lessening of poaching but game wardens of the Ontario Lands and Forests Department admit the loot still runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Trapping in banned areas or before the season legally opens still accounts for a valuable haul of beaver, muskrat, mink and otter. Many a debutante, society matron and stenographer wraps herself in furs which—if she but knew it—have a background of bush-feuding, treachery and corruption.

### Pelts Through Loopholes

MEN CHARGED with smashing the fur racket say there are still too many dealers who buy pelts of doubtful origin. In defense, fur buyers argue it is not always easy for them to know when and how a pelt was taken.

It's impossible to estimate accurately the annual value of bootleg fur throughout Canada, but authorities agree it probably runs into several million dollars. The legitimate industry handles millions of pelts each year, which reach a manufactured value of more than $100 millions. Last year $26 millions worth of raw pelts were checked—a decline of 40% over 1946.

In Ontario, where 40,000 beaver are taken legally every year, it's believed that during the era of boom prices and a 21-day season, racketeers were taking more than twice the amount of fur legally trapped.

Some provinces say nothing about the racket, preferring to keep the poachers ignorant of how much is known about their activities. But it is generally conceded that Ontario and Quebec are hardest hit, with Montreal the ultimate destination of 80% of the "hot" fur taken from trap lines of both provinces.

Biggest beef of Ontario wardens is the relative ease with which pelts are legalized in Quebec. "Ontario fur, taken out of season and smuggled into Quebec, can be legalized there with few questions asked," complains a Lands and Forests expert. "Even with recent changes in Quebec fur laws poachers who have a little drag in the right places don't have much trouble getting their pelts legalized."

Quebec buyers can take fur from an Indian without questions. When a Quebec raw fur dealer was asked, "How can you be sure you're buying from an Indian?" he shot back: "If the guy's got a good tan and says he's an Indian that's proof enough for me."

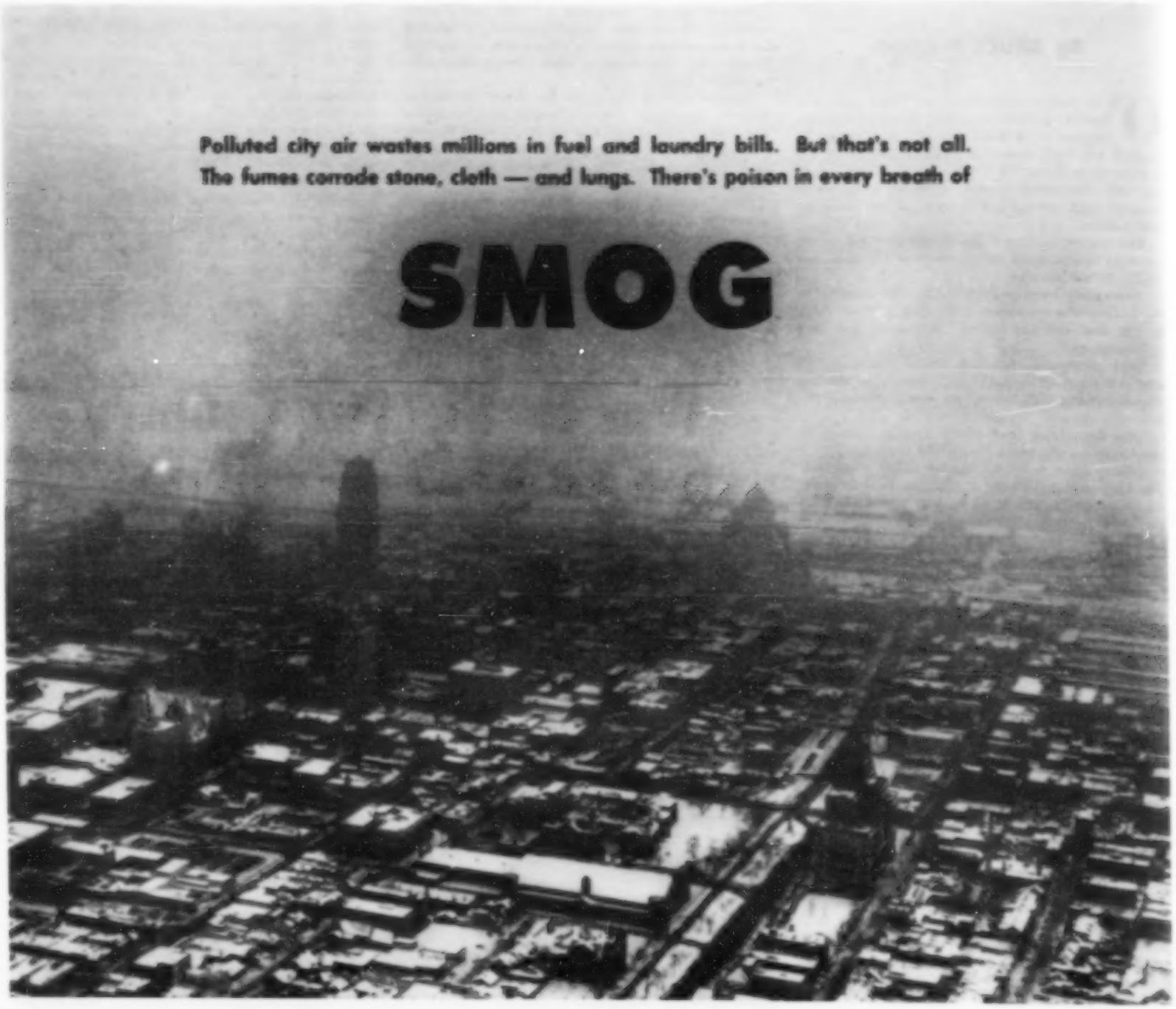
Until recently Quebec wardens were issued hammers bearing the letters PQ. This was the official stamp required to legalize a pelt in that province. After collecting the provincial royalty, some wardens would stamp pelts without getting too inquisitive. Today, following Ontario's lead, numbered seals—similar to boxcar seals—are used on beaver skins.

In Ontario it's the warden's job to seal each skin. In Quebec, however, the trapper is given one seal for each beaver house on his trapline. He, not the warden, attaches the seal. This provides a loophole for the poacher. If a trapper with 20 beaver houses on his trap line takes only 11 skins, he can, theoretically at least, use the remaining nine seals to legalize beaver taken elsewhere—probably out of season. Asked if a trapper had ever returned any seals at the end of the season, a Quebec warden shook his head.

Every year Quebec and Ontario wardens make many seizures. In 1947 Ontario officers made 2,068 prosecutions, got 1,979 convictions. They seized almost 2,000 traps and snares and 749 beaver skins. But in most cases it's the "little guy" who runs afoul of the law.

Nabbing the brains behind the illegal fur rings is a tougher job. The Continued on page 37

A trapper is caught red-handed with beaver in a banned zone.




By FRED BODSWORTH

FOR three sunless, windless days a greasy, soot-peppered fog had lain over the little industrial city of Donora, Pa. (pop. 13,000). The smoke and fumes of Donora's many smelter smokestacks were trapped beneath a stifling ground-hugging blanket that grew denser with every hour. On the third night residents went to bed praying that a wind would clear the air before morning.

But no wind came. The polluted air grew more stagnant. People woke in their beds choking for breath, throats throbbing with pain. The strain of 72 hours of breathing oxygen-rare and poison-laden air began to tell on the overburdened hearts of elderly people and asthmatics. Doctors went down streets administering adrenalin as fast as they could sterilize their needles. Emergency calls went out for more adrenalin, for oxygen tents.

By the end of the following day, when a faltering breeze began to loosen Donora's fog and smoke blanket, 400 citizens had been stricken, 19 had died. A few weeks and several autopsies later, doctors isolated the cause—fluorine poisoning from the stacks of Donora's big zinc smelter. Cried a horror-stricken board of health official: "These people were murdered by the air they had to breathe."

This tragedy last November was an extreme illustration of a deadly yet rarely recognized menace that hangs over practically every industrial city. Smoke, combustion dusts and fumes, known collectively to engineers as "smog," doesn't often strike as ruthlessly as a warfare gas attack—as it did at Donora and as it has done in even worse tragedies in the past. But in all except a few cities which have house cleaned their air, smog is a slow, stealthy poison. It weakens hearts through oxygen starvation. It makes the lungs of millions more susceptible to pneumonia and tuberculosis. And—its deadliest threat—it is now believed to induce lung cancer.

Smog is more than a silent murderer. It also despoils buildings, vegetation and goods, even the clothes on our backs, with its greasy, sooty acids, and it is evidence of a needless waste of fuel (for smoke is merely unburned fuel). Several investigators have worked out the U. S. smoke damage and fuel loss at half a billion dollars a year. In Britain the cost was recently put at $400 millions a year.

Toronto, the only Canadian city that has looked at its smog pall with a very scientific eye, discovered a few years ago that at one downtown point (University Avenue and King Street) there were 610 tons of soot and ash and 32 tons of gaseous acids raining down per square mile per year. Experts estimated that this black rain was costing Toronto $15 millions a year, about $20 per person, in extra laundering costs, house painting, window cleaning, car washing, fuel waste and building renovations.

Exactly what is smoke? Soft or bituminous coal, the leading smoke-generating culprit, may contain up to 35% volatile matter; hard or anthracite coal 20% or less. This is the portion that transforms easily into a gas and burns. When a shovelful of soft coal lands on a hot fire it gasifies so rapidly that the oxygen of the air inside the furnace is insufficient to burn it all. Unburned gases are swept up the chimney where they condense into solid particles of carbon, and sticky coal tar—smoke.

Much of the carbon, however, may have been "half burned," becoming carbon monoxide instead of the carbon dioxide it would be if the burning was complete. All of this, then, is merely good coal that wasn't given an opportunity to burn.

The Smoke Prevention Association of America says one fifth of all the fuel used in the U. S. is wasted as smoke. Some plants, after remodeling furnaces to allow complete combustion, have cut fuel costs 25%. The Ontario Research Foundation once said that Ontario Continued on page 51

# The Blind Doctor of Rocanville

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

PHOTOS BY H. M. SALISBURY

ROCANVILLE, SASK., is a village of 475 people, 13 miles from the Manitoba border, on the Bulyea branch line that meanders across the prairie toward the Qu'Appelle Valley. At the station there are four grain elevators, an oil tank, a water tower and a memorial for the 1914-18 war dead. The train goes east once a day and west once a day, except on Sundays. Main Street is 90 feet wide—there is land to spare here—and all the shops and offices are on it. Some of the side streets are lined with poplar, birch and scrub oak, the neat small houses set back from the wide streets. The prairie licks close to the flat little settlement.

Dr. Roy C. Merifield returned here at 45 years of age 10 years ago on a stormy winter day from the hospital in Moosomin, knowing he was broke and going blind. He had practiced in the village for only 18 months previously. He had a wife and a young daughter. The future looked as dark as the dimming light of his eyes.

Today, totally blind, remembered months of despair behind him, Dr. Merifield has a successful medical practice, lives a useful, busy life, solidly built on a foundation of sheer guts.

It is a life of normal pursuits and normal worries, the later accented, however, by ever-present darkness. There are people on the town and municipal councils who speak against him because he is blind and who would like to get in a doctor who can see. There are grocery bills. There are dreams at night of golden fields swaying to the prairie winds, or of operations when the keenness of eye and hand are of paramount importance. And there are dark awakenings. There are, too, afternoon hours when the feet itch for the open road and the mind turns to escapades of other days, but darkness walls you in. Then there is nothing but the quiet, empty office and ears painfully keen, waiting for a diversion heralded by footsteps or the ring of a telephone. But these are things blind Dr. Merifield would speak about seldom, if at all.

The small, old house—modern and pleasant inside—stands on a quiet street, beneath evergreens and oaks. You turn in at a well-cleared walk—the doctor shovels the snow daily for exercise—and ring at the side door marked "Dr. R. C. Merifield."

The doctor himself comes to let you in. He is a small man, five foot four, 135 pounds, with grey hair waving off a broad forehead, good big nose adding character to his face, blue eyes brooding over your shoulder. If you are an old patient or a friend he knows you practically before you speak. "I think your other senses quicken when you lose one," he'll explain.

His voice is firm, friendly, confident. The sort of a voice we've come to expect from a man to whom we go with our fears and troubles. The small sitting room and adjoining office have an immaculate, reassuring look.

One ordinary day, into the office and out, came these following people.

A South African War veteran suffering from Buerger's disease. The doctor eased his tight worry by saying mildly that he was in very good company. That was the King's illness too. "Why," the doctor joked, "I was the first one to diagnose the King's trouble. We were sitting in John Anderson's kitchen after dinner. When the news of his illness came over the radio John said, 'What do you suppose it is, phlebitis?' I said it sounded more like an arterial rather than a venous trouble and was likely Buerger's."

The elderly patient relaxed with the story. He reported that the alpha *Continued on page 29*

**Using his wife's eyes, his own courage, Roy Merifield sticks to his guns as "the doc" in this tiny prairie town**

The "little doc" sees a lot with his fingers. "It's like being a detective," he grins.

Mrs. Hodgins (two children) is a Merifield fan.

Dwarfed by elevators on Rocanville's wide-open Main Street, Mrs. Merifield guides husband on case.

# NEVER TRUST A DAME

By KERMIT JAEDIKER

HE SANDED the last speck of paint off the ladder-back chair and straightened up with a grunt. He was a fat man and the exertion had made him gasp for breath.

He settled back in the large well-padded chair covered with black leather.

The big chair was wide and rugged, the one thing in the cellar that could hold him. Certainly the ladder-back could not. Ladder-backs such as this were made, not to be sat upon by him, but to be sold. They were made for slenderness and grace, for the grace of some very old room, blue Staffordshire in a mellow-wooded cupboard, dark sheen of pewter under candle flame, a tall clock, perhaps, to tick off time with a restrained tick. There was such a clock, surplus of his cluttered shop upstairs, within a yard of him, yet he felt alien to it. He supposed it was not altogether a matter of size. One's pedigree, too. The clock had pedigree.

He heard the ringing of the shop doorbell and, close upon it, a high-pitched chattering. He arose and waddled to the stairway. The chattering grew shriller. He called, "Quiet, Sheba!" but it continued. He heaved his massive body upward, paused for breath at the top of the stairs, then entered the parlor of the flat in the rear of the shop and switched on a light. The chattering came from a small cage on the floor, beside another leather-covered chair, twin of the one downstairs. The cage contained a monkey, a rhesus, one of those imitative little beasts beloved of organ grinders.

The antique dealer raised a finger to his lips and Sheba, entranced by the movement, quieted, raising a paw to her tiny muzzle. For a moment they had the conspiratorial look of two children who, in the act of looting a pantry, hear a step outside the door.

The monkey watched him with shrewd eyes as he lumbered toward the shop entrance. She was the one thing he would never sell. She had ridden into the shop one day on the shoulder of a merchant seaman newly arrived from India, who had said there was something in the window, a string of beads, that was just the thing for his girl.

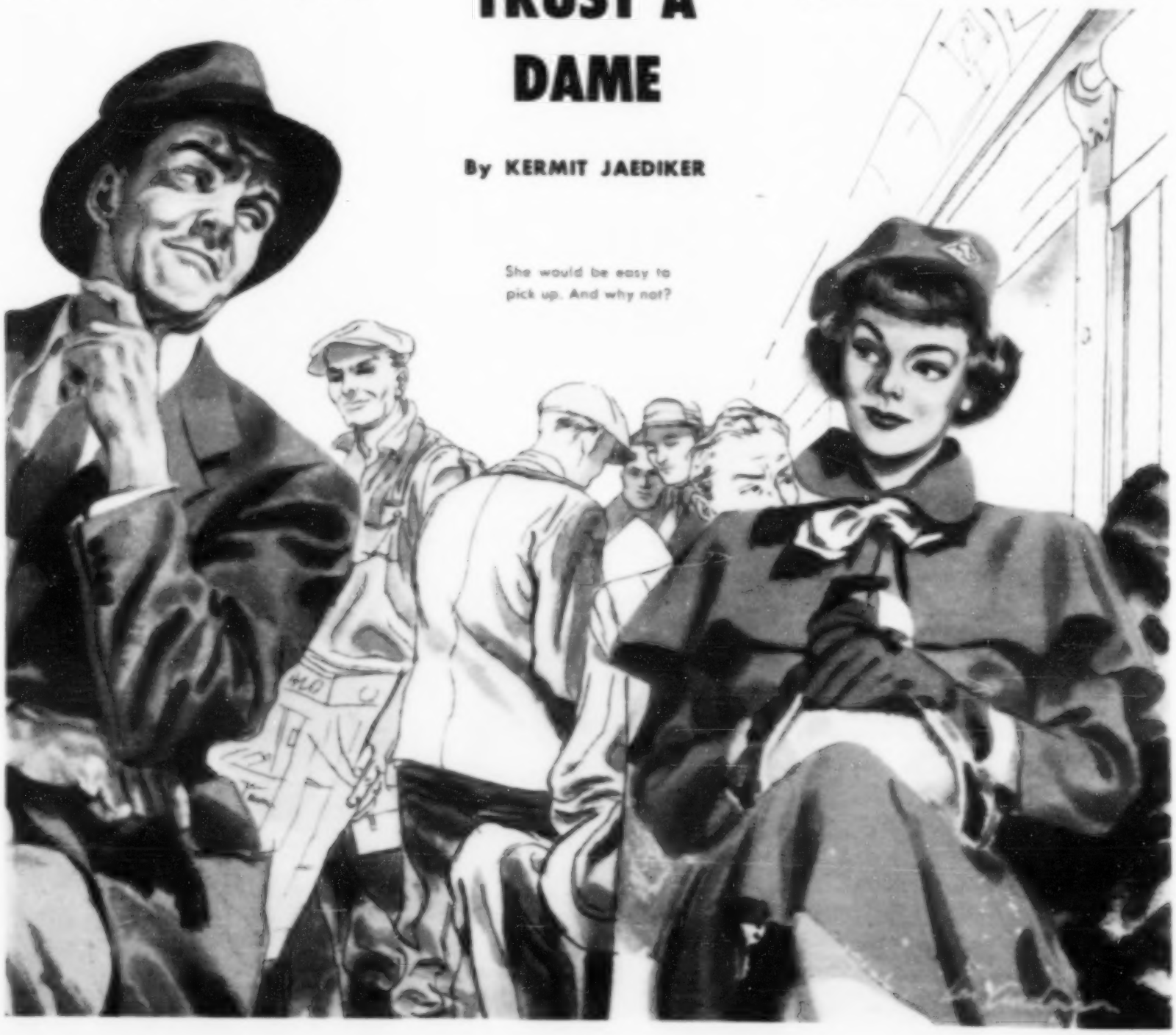
The antique dealer peered through a slit in the Venetian blind covering the entrance door, then turned the knob and pulled the door open. He said, "Good evening."

THE man who entered was of medium build, grey-eyed, his age uncertain, possessed of that faculty of being seen but not observed nor easily remembered. The two things that would have lent him color, a .38-calibre revolver and a small gold-plated shield with the words "Police Captain" inscribed upon it in blue, he kept from sight. To produce one or the other, even when it was necessary to do so, never ceased to embarrass him. He said to the fat man, "I think we're in for some rain, Gerhardt."

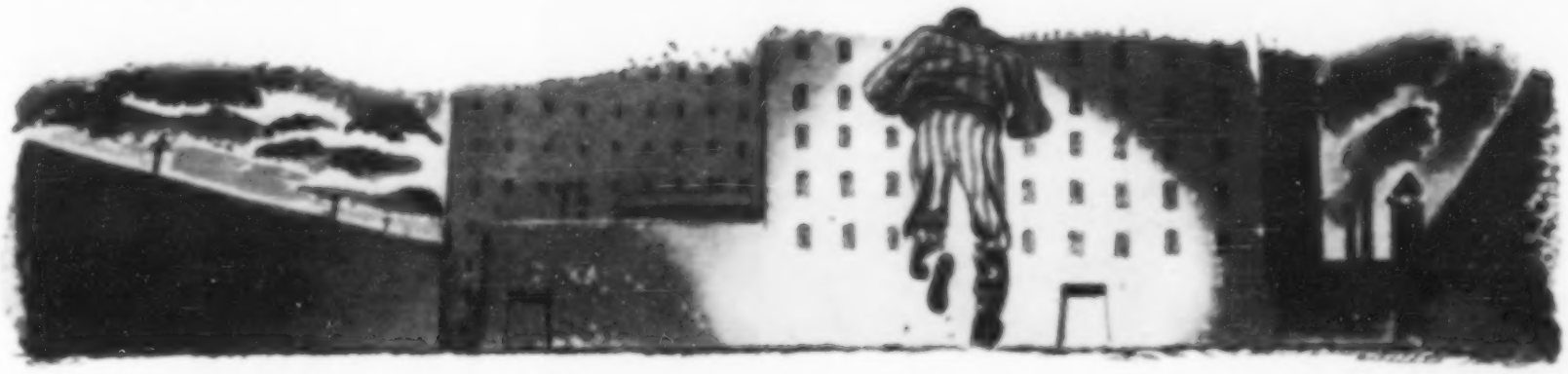
"Never say 'think,' " Gerhardt replied. "Say 'suspect.' It's more in your line."

The captain made no reply. He followed Gerhardt into the parlor. The antique dealer motioned him to a chair beside a small cherry-wood gate-leg and the captain sat down and took off his fedora. Sheba, watching him, doffed an imaginary hat.

Gerhardt went to a liquor cabinet and produced a glass and a bottle encased in straw. He filled the



She would be easy to pick up. And why not?



glass and handed it to his visitor. "You will have to drink alone, Captain Donnelly. My physician has put me on a diet. No alcohol, no starches, no tobacco—one long grey string of self-denials. But if I don't humor him I face an even greyer prospect. Sudden death—Lord knows where—some gutter, perhaps the floor of a subway car. There's an advantage in dying by inches. At least one dies comfortably. Just why have you come?"

"To remind you about Whitey. He gets out on parole next Thursday."

"I needed no reminder."

"He has it in for you."

"I disagree."

"You slipped him a double cross and he's slipping you a bullet. Take my advice and leave town."

"Take mine and change stool pigeons."

"The guy we got it from—"

"—Was a hophead. I am quoting you verbatim."

"Hophead or not, he heard Whitey sound off. They were cell mates during Whitey's trial."

"Believe me, captain, if there were one iota of truth to the story, I should have folded my tent and fled long ago. Valor was never my long suit."

"I still say Whitey—"

"Perhaps this will reassure you." Gerhardt drew a letter from his coat pocket and handed it to the captain. It was written in pencil, in a cramped handwriting. It said:

Dear Gerhardt:

Well, a couple of more weeks and I'll be free. Free and broke. I'm going to try and go straight, as I told you, but I'll have to leave town. Otherwise Donnelly and Company will be dogging me. You know how cops are with ex-cons.

So I'll need dough. Could you lend me five hundred, to get me out on the Coast and give me a start? You're the only one I have to turn to, the only friend who stuck. I know this is asking a lot, but please see what you can do. Drop me a line and let me know.

Your old pal,
Whitey.

P.S. Give my regards to Sheba.

When Donnelly had finished reading the letter, Gerhardt said, "Does that sound like a man nursing a grudge?"

Donnelly shrugged. "You lending him five hundred?"

"Of course."

Donnelly smiled bleakly. "What's he got on you?"

"Memory. We grew up together, you know. The same street, the same poverty, the same sordid boyhood. Only I saw the light and he didn't. While I was working my way through college, he attended the Reformatory and was graduated—*cum laude*. I must confess, though, your concern for my welfare touches me. Deeply."

After his visitor had gone, there was still a chore or two waiting in the cellar but Gerhardt chose to remain upstairs. The visit had left a bad taste. In his present mood the cellar would be dismal. He opened the drawer of the gate-leg and took out a cigar box. It had been all of two weeks since he had smoked. Surely, doctor, one fall from grace in two weeks will not be fatal.

Fatal. Unpleasant word, that. A word out of police blotters, a word for newspapers, a word for Whitey. Almost savagely he bit off the end of the cigar. He lit it and sat down and wrapped himself in a fragrant cloud.

Futile. Whitey was not to be smoked out that easily. Good Heavens, Gerhardt thought, am I developing a conscience? That *would* be fatal! He smiled wryly. No. This wasn't conscience. This was fear. And not without foundation. Whitey had reason to kill him. Or had he? Come, my fat friend, get a grip on yourself, relax, breathe in the sweet forbidden fumes and recapitulate . . .

In her cage, Sheba smoked an imaginary cigar.

IT CAME back to him at first in a kind of jumble, like an old film revived, not a bad film, either. He unreeled it again and again and at last it came back properly, clear, not a thing left out. Police headquarters, five years ago, a cell and Whitey in it. Whitey's lean and ageless face, thin fingers pushing through the ash-blond mop of hair, smile tough, eyes trying to be tough but not quite succeeding. Whitey saying:

"Donnelly's throwing the book at me, Gerhardt.

**Carefully Whitey planned to be two places at once, in his cell — in the shop of a man he wanted to kill**

Robbery. Assault with intent to kill. A couple of others I don't remember. He says I'm in for a stretch. But he's nuts. I'll never go up. Not with Burke defending me."

"Burke comes high."

"You're telling me? He wanted ten G's. Said he needed half of it to fix the jury. But I talked him down to eight."

"And where do you propose to get the eight?"

Whitey told him where, a meadow two miles east of the city, just off the highway; a few trees, lots of weeds and a big sign saying: "Fine Factory Site for Sale." The sign had been saying it for years and would say it for many more. A good place for a cache. Gerhardt went there that night and dug and found the metal box and forced it open and ran his trembling fingers—in those days eight thousand dollars could give him palsy—among the cold damp wads of paper.

Gerhardt went back to Whitey, but without the money. He explained that the box was gone, some tramp apparently had stumbled on it. He even pictured the ashes of a tramp's fire, broken bottles strewn about it, and rusted cans. A plausible story convincingly told, and Whitey had believed it. At least so Gerhardt thought, until Donnelly appeared with his first warning: "Whitey's sore. Says you double-crossed him. Better duck."

But Gerhardt had reasoned: "My story was flawless. Simple and logical. It is only because Whitey is incapable of logic that he doubts it. Even if the story was true, he would doubt it. He is beyond logic. Sore. Sore at the world, the world outside his walls, sore at me because I am part of that world. Wait. Wait until he's cooled off. Then talk to him. Go over it, step by step. Logic. Perhaps a dash of sentiment, then. Reminiscences of boyhood, reminder of our long friendship. Pull out all the stops."

And so Gerhardt waited, and Whitey cooled off, and in the hour they spoke, whispers through a wire screen, Whitey's doubts tottered and fell . . .

GERHARDT smiled into the swirl of blue smoke. There is nothing to fear, nothing. Donnelly's an old woman. No, just a cop. And coplike he wants peace, the peace of the detective squad room, big flat feet by a brass spittoon and conversation on a low plane: what horse was scratched, what horse would win, who'd cop the pennant; no corpses to confound him. Calm yourself, captain. When I die, I shall die of a surfeit of Havana, not a bullet. He nodded his head over his reverie.

As he did so, Sheba in her cage mimicked him with the same movement of her head.

WHITEY raised himself on an elbow in his bunk and listened to the night sounds of Block D: snores, footsteps of the guard, clink of the guard's keys, Spinelli moaning. Spinelli always moaned in his sleep. He was doing three to six for assaulting and robbing his father.

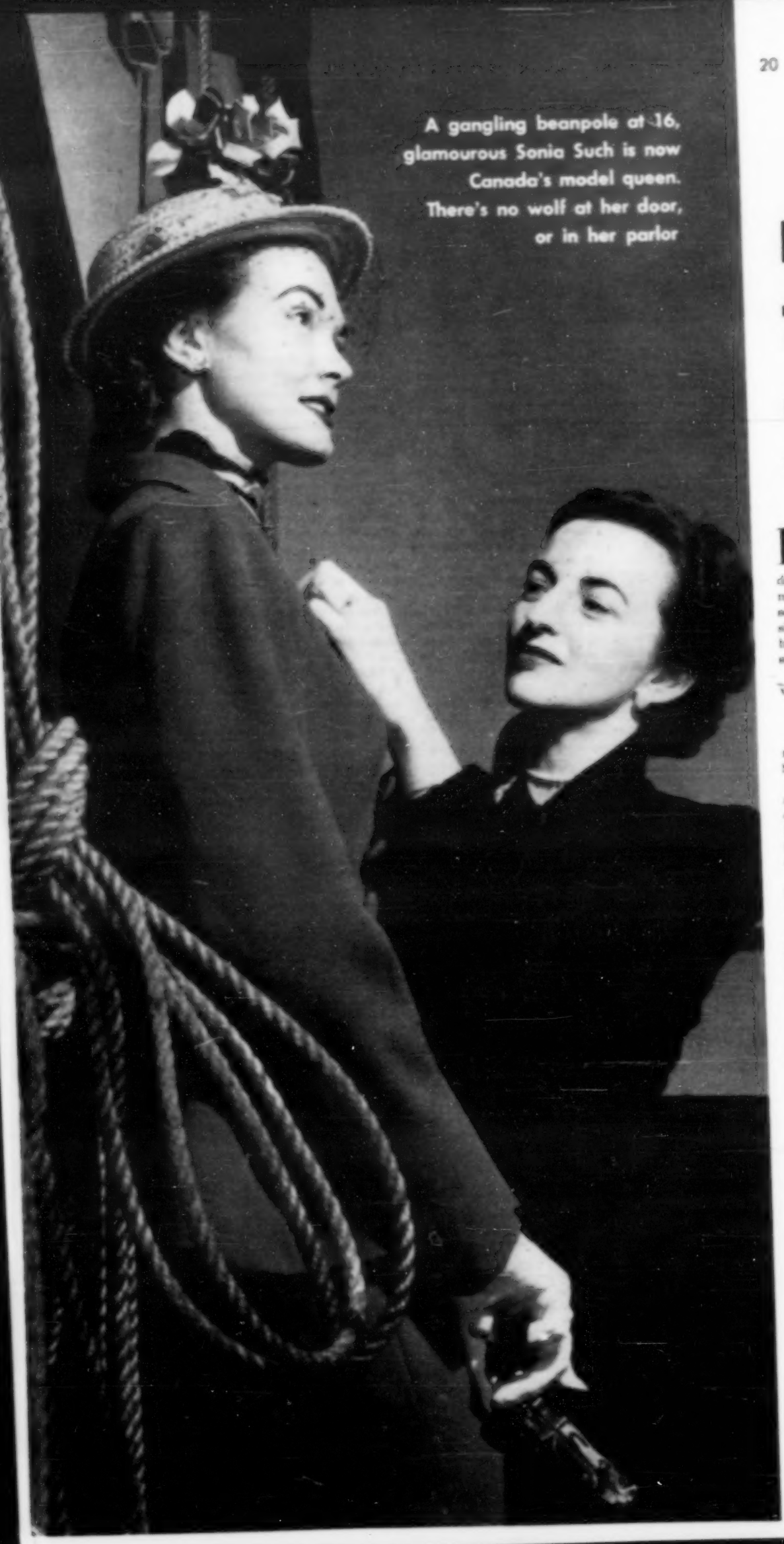
Whitey reached under the bunk and drew an assortment of odds and ends which he regarded with pride. They were all, so to speak, local products, not one smuggled in from "the outside." The tightly compressed bank of clothesline came from the laundry, the spool of heavy black thread from the garment mill, the sharpened spoon from the mess hall, the big hook from the metal-shop scrap pile. He was particularly proud of the hook. It had taken him nearly three months to shape. It was covered now with a padding made of potato-bag burlap held in place with strips of adhesive tape. Also under the bunk were a mound of cement and another of sand, carried to the cell in his pockets, a little at a time, from a road project. These last he left untouched.

He removed his pyjamas and dressed. He rolled up the pyjamas with one of the blankets, bunched up the pillow and arranged them so that when Olsen glanced into the cell he would think a man lay in the bunk.

He tied the hook to the rope, stuck the bank under his belt, put thread and spoon in his pocket, and faced the window. There were two bars, one firmly embedded, the other not. Seven years ago one of Whitey's predecessors had sawed away a bar and escaped. A new bar had been cemented into place, but patient digging with the spoon had loosened it, so that a tug or two was all that was required to remove it.

Two quick strides, a *Continued on page 24*

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON



A gangling beanpole at 16, glamourous Sonia Such is now Canada's model queen. There's no wolf at her door, or in her parlor



# Life's a Pose To Sonia

By McKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

FOUR years ago when she was 16 Sonia Such got sick of other kids grinning at her and asking "Is it cold up there?" Boys wouldn't dance with her because she made them look like midgets. Standing five feet nine in socks, she soared to six feet in spike heels. At the same time she was so slim she had trouble telling whether she had a backache or stomach ache. She thought seriously of entering a nunnery.

Then, at a dance in Toronto, a woman fashion writer said to her: "Ever thought of modeling?"

"Who, me!" cried the unhappy Sonia.

"Yes," said the writer, "you ought to."

A year later Canadian advertising men commended a full-page glossy picture in Mayfair of Sonia wearing an ethereal bridal gown.

Today, at 20, the girl who once thought of herself as a human flagpole has the pose of an acknowledged beauty, wears more creations of Christian Dior, Norman Hartnell and Hattie Carnegie than the Duchess of Windsor, and can earn $300 a week during the busiest seasons.

In four years Sonia Such has been transformed from a gawky, awkward, Ontario country girl into Canada's top-ranking model.

By posing for advertisements before commercial photographers, walking the runway at fashion shows, and singing with a band she earned more than $8,000 last year and expects to make $10,000 this year. Taxis, hairdressers, masseurs, manicurists, cosmetics and an extensive, ever-changing wardrobe will soak up about 25% of her income.

Sonia is paid $7.50 an hour against the usual model's $5 for photographic work. The engagements are sporadic. During the busy spring and fall

Left: Almost set to wow a fashion revue.
Below: Brushing on that come-hither look.

she gets in an average of four hours a day. In the slack months of January and February, July and August, she averages about four hours a week. Over-all she makes about $100 a week out of photography.

She is paid between $15 and $25 for a small fashion parade before an audience. The busy seasons are again spring and fall when she is engaged almost every day. For each of the six big shows a year she receives $100. During the two coldest winter months and two hottest summer months shows are reduced to one or two a week. It works out at about $50 a week all the year round.

For singing with a dance band her fee is between $10 and $20 an evening, according to the importance of the occasion. Here again January and February are the thinnest months. Summer remains pretty fat because she goes out to the Ontario resorts. Sonia reckons a yearly average of $35 a week out of singing.

This gives her a total income of about $185 a week less expenses.

Last year she had only five "nil days"—working days when she did not have a single engagement.

### "Haven't We Met Before?"

THERE are about 80 full-time models in Canada, the majority being concentrated in Montreal and Toronto. There are also sizeable groups in Winnipeg and Vancouver. The average full-time model earns around $100 a week. There are, of course, many part-time models—men, children and matrons—whose work is irregular, but occasionally well-paid.

Suitable girls are hard to find. "We could do with at least a dozen more in Toronto," says Ken Bell, of Rice and Bell, commercial photographers, for whom Sonia Such works.

Aware of this, two new model schools opened in Toronto last year. It is not always the schools, however, which provide the best models. "A model has to have something inside her that a school cannot give," says Bell. "Schooling can improve her talent. But if she's not a natural model it is no good a girl bothering to pay school fees."

A natural model is hard to define. She's not necessarily beautiful, though she must have a slender figure. With this she's got to have what is generally called "class." Above all, she needs a bright imagination and some of the qualities of an actress.

Sonia's face is so familiar to magazine readers that strangers are always asking her "Haven't we met somewhere before?" Window shopping along the elegant stretch of Toronto's Bloor Street Sonia resembles some young sophisticate straight from Knightsbridge, Fifth Avenue or the Rue de la Paix.

Many people take her for an actress or the spoiled daughter of a tycoon. But people in "the rag trade"—as the dress business is known—spot her for a model at once. Sonia's giveaway is a crocodile-skin hatbox which she carries everywhere. The big hatbox is the hallmark of all models. In this Sonia keeps an assortment of shoes, stockings and handbags to go with the dozen different coats, suits and gowns she is called upon to wear every working day.

Sonia was born with one face—but she gave herself another. Her true face is a neat oval with fine lips, a puckish nose and shy brown eyes that went well with seersucker frocks when she was teaching country Sunday-school kids in her early teens. Her professional face is that of a high-life siren, with a seductive carmine mouth set in milky cheeks and a hint of mystery in the Mongolian upswing of pencilled brows over sleepy, shaded eyelids.

"The fashion houses like me to suggest the Oriental," she says. "I am at my best when wearing something dramatic."

It was in clothes that Sonia found assurance. A few years back she was so self-conscious that while playing the piano on a school stage she stopped halfway through her piece and fled. Yet recently at a fashion show she created such a sensation with her finished demonstration of a ravishing Chinese negligee that she moved an unknown admirer to send her a note misquoting Herrick thus:

> "When in silks my Sonia goes,
> Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
> The liquefaction of her clothes."

Sonia was brought up in Brigden, a small community near Sarnia, Western Ontario. Her father worked for a *Continued on next page*

At photo studio (above) Sonia dreams up a mood of elegance while the fitter fusses.

Shrewd Sonia has special "understanding smile" to allay jealousy in earthbound wives.

Sonia as "mother's helper" — well, she looks awfully fetching in that apron anyway.

*Continued from preceding page*

dairy. He emigrated from Lincolnshire, England, before World War I, went back to France with the Canadian infantry, and brought a war bride back from Hull, Yorkshire. During World War II he was a flight-lieutenant in the RCAF, stationed throughout in Toronto. He brought his family to the city.

Although the Suchs are Anglicans, the lanky Sonia, youngest of three children, was sent to Loretto, a Toronto Roman Catholic school.

### Faces in a Mirror

She was still a student at Loretto when she was advised to try modeling. Her parents were ready to accede to anything which would get her out of those Tall Girl Blues. They sent her to the John Burnand model school and agency on Grosvenor Street, Toronto.

At first Sonia was all elbows, knee-caps and shins. But after walking around with books on her head for six months she developed grace.

At 17 she had the proportions she displays today. Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 120 lb.; bust, 34; waist, 24; hips, 34. Many women dream of measurements like these. Sonia's unusual height is all in her long, slender legs.

For homework the school gave her an hour of walking up and down stairs and an hour of pulling faces at herself in a mirror. Her mother kept her fingers crossed as Sonia practiced walking downstairs with the best family vase on her head.

She set herself exercises in facial expressions—three registrations of surprise; three of hauteur; three of joy; three of contempt; three of false charm; three of desire—and so on. In her enthusiasm she occasionally frightened herself.

Though it appears easy, modeling calls for a high degree of artistry and imposes severe physical strain. The aura of glamour a model gives to a garment is often contrived during wearisome hours of repetitive work.

At 10 o'clock on a typical morning Sonia reports to Rice and Bell's studio on Toronto's King Street. This looks something like a film set. There are huge arc lights standing around and the floor is strewn with thick cables. Props for various pictures—an odd tree trunk, a Grecian pedestal, a buggy wheel—lean against the walls. In the centre of the room is a dais against a blue backdrop, and facing this is an enormous camera.

While the photographer arranges his lighting Sonia goes to the dressing room. Here she sees the garment she is to model for an advertisement. Today it is an ermine coat. She walks around it and studies it on the hanger.

Sonia puts the coat on and begins to walk up and down, getting the feel of it. Occasionally she halts in front of a full-length mirror, striking various attitudes, experimenting with different expressions and gradually slipping into the mood of the luxurious fur.

She tries on several different pairs of shoes, rearranges her hair, changes her earrings, and when she feels ready goes out and mounts the dais.

Here she plays a part. She thinks of herself as a beautiful, elegant and proud woman, standing in a theatre foyer on a first night. She swings and turns on the dais. An assistant brushes the coat smooth and tucks in a wisp of her hair.

The maker's representative who is there asks her to make sure she shows off the collar. The photographer asks her to keep well to the right so that he can get a striking cast of light on her face. A threefold conflict of interest has to be settled. The furrier wants the collar emphasized. The photographer wants an artistic picture. And Sonia wants to look her best.

And as Sonia strikes pose after pose, fluttering her hand toward the collar, now looking up as if she had seen a vision, now casting her eyes down demurely, now flashing a disturbing smile. Suddenly she feels she has got it. She freezes.

"Hold that!" cries the photographer—and he shoots.

If magazine readers knew the truth behind many exotic advertisement photographs they would be amused. Sonia, for example, is so slender she has shown off the front view of an evening gown with a row of clothes pegs nipping in the fullness at the back. She has modeled hats while wearing an old blouse back to front because she discovered it gave her a cute neckline if the camera did not look too low. Often she has modeled blouses while wearing the most unsuitable skirts concealed under a table or behind a chair.

When posing with male models she takes off her shoes and stands in stocking feet—if the gown is long enough—to help him look taller.

Advertising photos have to be taken well ahead of the season for which the garment is designed. Thus Sonia has worn a heavy Persian lamb coat in August among University of Toronto buildings while sweltering students looked on. She has posed outside for an hour in a thin spring suit in subzero weather.

An average fashion show is the type given to some trades club luncheon when members bring wives and guests. The runway is built out from a stage down through the centre of the dining tables. An amplified record player or a small band plays romantic music. The air is heavy with cigar smoke. A woman commentator is on the stage pointing out the features of the garments.

Sonia sways from the wings onto the stage, looking like the heroine in a Noel Coward play. She takes a few turns round the stage, making graceful tracery with a cigarette in a long holder. Then she steps out onto the runway in time to the music.

The commentator intones: "This hostess gown is one of the most glamourous ensembles of the season. It is in wine silk velvet cut on princess lines. You will observe the paillette trim on the slash hip pockets."

As the commentator draws attention to the pockets, Sonia swings, momentarily pocketing her hand, and suddenly breaking out of an expression of dreamy abstraction into a dazzling smile. This illustration of a special attraction is known as "a pointer."

Halfway back up the runway she meets the next model coming down. Each gives a slight nod and a signal with her eyes. At once both turn their backs on each other, deftly graciously, and move away in opposite directions.

Once behind the scenes there is nothing graceful about Sonia's movements. She picks up her skirts knee-high and scampers to the dressing room like a timid housewife who has seen a mouse.

Here is her "bunker"—a large box with many compartments each containing a rig-out she is scheduled to wear. A dresser helps her with the quick change. There is a frantic scrabbling with tiny buttons, domes and zippers. Hooks and eyes almost make them roar with anxiety. The "doing-up" often continues during a scurry back to the wings and ends at the precise moment Sonia steps into the limelight, cool and calm, while the dresser almost swoons into the arms of the stage electrician.

On the runway she moves quickly, gaily, in sports clothes and jaunty suits; languorously in more formal attire. Colors, too, determine her bearing. In general she walks faster, with short steps, in bright colors to make their brilliance scintillate, and dreamily in pastel shades.

There is a bit of jealousy among models, Sonia says, but it is not as severe as might be imagined. Most girls try to type themselves and keep themselves different from their competitors.

It is only during recent weeks that Sonia Such has become the acknowledged star of Canadian models. She was runner-up for two years to Liz Benn, a Toronto model who spent half her time in New York and earned $600 a week. Last December Liz Benn married a wealthy British socialite, settled in Jamaica, and left the ephemeral crown of the Canadian runway to Sonia.

After a fashion show Sonia often has to dash off to sing with Benny Louis' dance band. Most of the fandangos at which she appears seem to be collegiate, club and firms' affairs. She appears twice weekly steadily, however, at Toronto's dry Casa Loma, popular with the younger set. She sang for a season at the streamlined Brant Inn on the lakeshore highway near Hamilton, Ont.

Sonia seems to satisfy her mooning audience with sentimental numbers in a husky, adolescent yearning voice that somehow does not go with her appearance. Of course, when she sits smiling among the band she is a splendid decoration.

Benny Louis will not be drawn into discussion about Sonia's singing beyond saying: "She is improving all the time."

Sonia knows a couple of models who have lost their engagements through not being careful about the kind of company they kept. By giving nobody anything to talk about she has fared well up to now. Certainly she has little time for anything but work.

One of Sonia's complaints: "I hardly ever get a chance to go out and enjoy myself like other girls. I have to stick to making money because I have plans for the future."

### Her Career Is Mapped

Sonia has a regular boy friend, a young man with a good job in a finance company. He often drives her to and from evening engagements, but sees little of her. Sonia is not contemplating marriage "for a long time." Her boy friend says he is prepared to wait.

On Sundays her boy friend drives her out to Newmarket, 27 miles north of Toronto, where her parents have a pretty five-room cottage. Mr. Such now has a job in the Veterans' Land Act administration out there.

Mrs. Such, who is as slim and tall as Sonia, and was obviously once equally attractive, is a skilled seamstress who makes most of her daughter's clothes.

The Suchs have noticed at week ends that Sonia is often tired, sometimes a little petulant, and they worry. They are proud she makes a lot more money than her father, yet would like her to go easy.

Sonia, however, is driven by ambition. She wants an exclusive gown shop of her own before she is 30. Maybe she will try out in New York for a couple of years, where models can earn $25 an hour.

She will probably succeed. Sonia has the outlook of a democrat and the tastes of an aristocrat—the formula for a second Schiaparelli or a Maggie Rouf.

Whatever happens, she will never again try to minimize her height. In fact she falls for hats with flowers on top that add at least six inches. ★

**JASPER** **By Simpkins**

"I think we're carrying this friendly business too far."

# Never neglect a needle prick

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## Footlights in the Mist

*Continued from page 14*

Alexandra is the only living theatre left.

My purpose in recalling this is twofold. First, I want to make the point that actors are better ambassadors than professional diplomats. I imagine that the recent tour of Australia by Sir Laurence Olivier and his Old Vic Company did more good in strengthening the Empire or Commonwealth or Imperial (one must be careful these days) connection than if we had sent a whole shipload of politicians.

My second point is that the theatre is of great importance as the trustee of a nation's speech, dress and culture. If there had never been a printing press or no method of preserving the written word the theatre alone could be the continuing historian of a nation's manner of life.

There may be some readers of Maclean's who will ask at this point why a politician should feel himself competent to write on the theatre. My only excuse is that I have been dabbling in theatricals ever since I formed the Toronto Musical and Dramatic Society in 1912 and produced one-act plays and musical sketches, mostly written by myself and duly accepted by myself for production. In December, 1942, I presented a play of my own at St. James's Theatre in London, which was such a resounding flop that it gave the critics a night out, whereupon, at the suggestion of Lord Beaverbrook, I become the dramatic critic of the London Evening Standard, a position which, up to the time of writing, I still hold.

Today in Britain we are seeing such a renaissance in the theatre that the present era may well take its place as a golden age. I doubt if at any time in the history of the London stage there has been so much first-class and even great acting as today. Nor is this renaissance confined to the metropolis. Theatre guilds, repertory companies and experimental theatres are springing up not only in the provincial cities but in towns where the cinema has ruled unchallenged for more than a quarter of a century.

### Boiled Shirt, Farewell!

Strangely enough this resurgence of the stage began in the war. In the years before Hitler loosed hell upon the world the theatre in London was a dress affair, opening at 8.15 or 8.30, and looking askance at anyone in the orchestra stalls who was not in full formal evening dress.

In the 10 years before 1939 the stage was declining in popularity, and many famous theatres became cinemas.

Then came the war, and all places of entertainment were closed, not more than 50 people being allowed to gather in any one building. London became a ghost city waiting for the death that would come from the air. But soon boredom became more unendurable than the thought of death, and with permission of the authorities theatres were allowed to open at six o'clock. The managements threw up their hands in despair. Whoever heard of the curtain rising at six o'clock?

There they were wrong, but then theatre managers are usually wrong. By nature they out-Bourbon the Bourbons in their capacity for learning and forgetting nothing. However, they opened their theatres and looked with mixed feelings as people came in great throngs. But, my dear fellow, what people! The "carriage trade" had disappeared like the snows of yesteryear. Here were typists still munching

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a sandwich, air-raid wardens in their boiler suits, ATS and WAAF's and nurses and soldiers and clerks. The boiled shirt, that emblem of British social superiority, had gone with the wind.

"Where do they all come from?" asked the bewildered managers. "Where were they before the war?"

The answer, of course, was that every working day of the week more than a million people come in to London from the outlying suburbs to work, and every evening they go back to eat and sleep. The majority are office workers whose pay allows for few extravagances. Therefore, before the war when a typist finished work at 5.30 and wanted to go to the theatre, she would have to put in nearly three hours before the performance began.

### Shakespeare for Soldiers

But now the theatre, through no wish of its own, had accommodated itself to her timetable. The theatre had found a great new public.

But it was not only in London that this public was being mobilized. The Government organized a vast enterprise of entertainment for the troops and factory workers.

The good this did was beyond price. Troops about to go into battle preferred the noble language of Shakespeare to the wisecracks of a gangster comedy. When the soldiers and sailors and airmen came back on leave they went to the theatre because the habit had been formed.

For years there had been the Old Vic Theatre across the river near Waterloo Station where, under the leadership of a dauntless woman named Lilian Bayliss, Shakespeare was played at prices of sixpence up to a shilling.

The indomitable Bayliss woman even began British ballet there in a period when no one without a Russian name could get a chance in England.

The gallant lady died before the war and Hitler finished the story by destroying the famous little theatre across the river. There were, however, two actors in the services, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, who had joined up in 1939. After two years they were asked by the authorities to return to the stage and help theatre and film production in London.

Since neither of them wanted to make money for themselves while the nation was fighting for its life they evolved a great idea. Why not revive the Old Vic on a grand scale but right in the centre of the theatre district of the West End? They obtained the New Theatre and started work.

Famous actors and producers flocked to their banner and soon the first season was ready. I doubt if in the history of theatrical production there was anything to equal that series of first nights when they gave us "Richard III," "Henry IV," parts one and two, Shaw's "Arms and the Man," the Euripides tragedy "Oedipus Rex" and Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya."

Olivier himself, only moderately successful before the war, grew in stature until finally he was acclaimed the greatest actor of his time. Ralph Richardson, lacking the essential romantic quality of Olivier, was a close second with his Falstaff and his Cyrano de Bergerac.

When the war ended Olivier and Richardson were knighted and both of them were pretty well broke. They were not to be numbered among the war profiteers.

We come now to the present when, incidentally, theatres open at 7 p.m. I do not contend that the situation of the theatre today is wholly satisfactory. We are blessed and we are hindered by the glory of our own heritage. It is a great thing that we can call on Shakespeare and Sheridan and Congreve and Wilde, to say nothing of Ibsen and Strindberg and Shaw, but we misuse the past if we do not find and encourage the dramatists of today.

We are pitifully short of new authors with something to say.

Yet, from a purely artistic point of view, just think what the London stage offers at this moment in the realm of superb acting:

Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, in a season of "Richard III," "School for Scandal," and "Antigone."

Sir Ralph Richardson and Peggy Ashcroft, our finest younger actress, in the Broadway success, "The Heiress."

Michael Redgrave and Freda Jackson in a remarkable production of Strindberg's "The Father."

An all-star cast headed by Anton Walbrook in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck."

Mary Ellis and Eric Portman in a double bill of two plays by Terence Rattigan, with Portman coming close on the heels of Olivier and Richardson.

And all around the centre of London there are little neighborhood theatres experimenting with the fervor (and lack of finance) of the zealot.

You may ask what has this to do with Britain's balance of payments, or closing the gap, or strengthening Western Europe. I do not know, but man cannot live by bread alone nor even by circuses. We are hearing the English language nobly spoken, we are raised above the sordid disillusionment of a spiritually starved world, we are moved to emotion that is not centred on self but on the common basis of humanity.

And it adds dignity to the old sprawling Bagdad of the West, the indestructible metropolis called London with its murky, dusking river and its winter mist of history. ★

## Never Trust a Dame

*Continued from page 19*

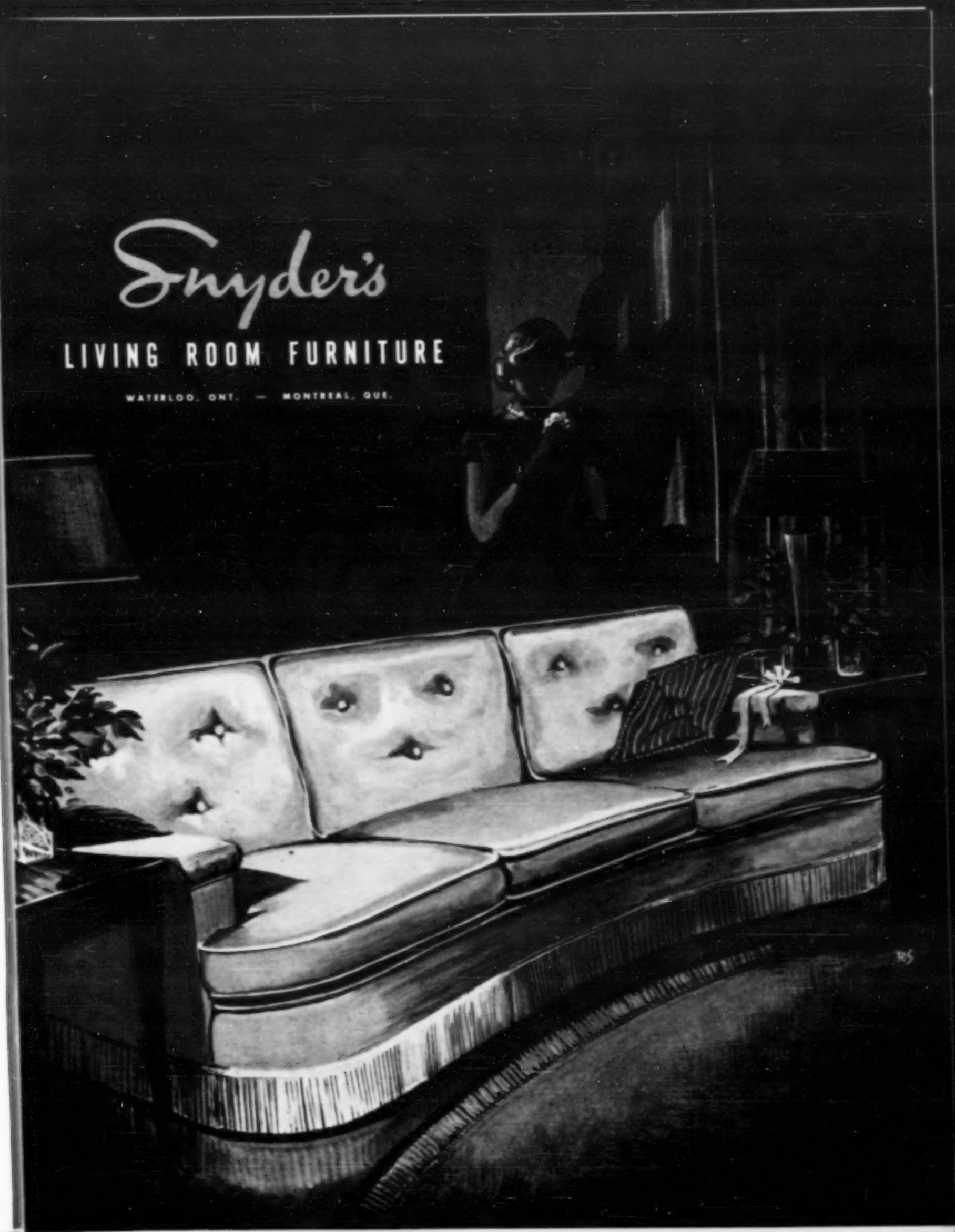
leap, and Whitey's hands were gripping the sill. He pulled himself up onto it and looked out. Thirty feet below lay the recreation yard, the big light slowly sweeping it. Atop the yard wall was a tower containing one guard. At a point above and behind Whitey was the central tower, three guards in it and the big light. It took the light about a minute and a half to encircle the prison. It covered everything, everything, that is, except the building wall in which Whitey's window was situated.

Whitey worked the loose bar free, laid it on the sill beside him. He unknotted the hank of clothesline, anchored the hook on the sill and unwound the line into the yard. Then he unwound the thread, looping it around the bar that remained in the window. When the spool was entirely unwound, both ends of the thread rested on the ground.

He squeezed out the window and twisted into a sitting position, like a window cleaner, upper part of his body outside, legs dangling inside. He picked the bar up from the sill and put it back in its holes.

He started down the rope. The descent was almost leisurely. There was no cell directly under him, and he was safe from the light and safe from Peters, the guard in the wall tower. Peters had been fixed. A verbal IOU.

*Continued on page 26*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*The Finest in the Land*

*Continued from page 24*

Whitey's feet struck earth. He jerked at the rope and the hook came off the sill and he caught it. He coiled up the rope. Then he tied the spoon to the two thread ends hanging from the window. The spoon would keep the thread from blowing around in case a wind came up.

He waited until the yard went dark—it would stay dark fifty or so seconds, not much more—then broke into a run. When he got to the wall, he paid out some of the rope and heaved the hook upward. Encased as it was in burlap, it made no sound when it struck the wall's top. He pulled. But the hook had failed to catch. He tried again. It caught.

He climbed to the top, readjusted the hook and started down the other side. But the hook, with the vicious perversity of the inanimate, slipped suddenly and the rope seemed to dissolve in his hands. He plunged. He struck the ground hard, felt his right ankle twist, felt pain stab it. He rolled over and over.

He sat up and wriggled his toes and there was more pain. Sprained, he figured. He managed to get up on his left foot and slowly lowered the right until it touched the ground. The touch hurt. But he found, after a few minutes, that the injured ankle could take some of his weight, enough to let him limp, anyway.

AHEAD was the park. It looked deserted. Distantly he saw street lights. He limped along a walk paralleling the wall until he came to a turn and a bush. He got down on his knees and felt around under the bush. The clothes Peters had promised were there: suit, shirt, tie, gloves. There was also five dollars, a dollar of it in silver. He changed his clothes—the suit wasn't a bad fit—and stowed uniform, hook and rope under the bush.

He emerged from the park and walked a block, pain stabbing him with each step, until he came to a knot of people gathered at a trolley stop: factory workers, judging from their dress and their lunch boxes. There was a girl among them, a brunette, small and slim. Whitey sidled closer to her and caught the odor of her, perfume and youth, faint but disturbing.

He found a seat in front, opposite the little brunette. She caught him looking at her and averted her eyes, but smiled. She'd be easy to pick up. And why not? He wasn't a bad-looking guy, especially with the sunburn. It was as good a tan as you could pick up in Florida. You could always tell the cons who were getting out. Always hanging around the sunny side of the yard.

The trolley car rolled into the business district. He pulled the bell cord and went to the rear door and the trolley stopped and he got off. He went into a candy store and told the man behind the counter he wanted a toy cap pistol for the kid. The man showed him one for fifty cents. It was tinny, small. He said no, the kid wanted something that looked real. You know kids. The man showed him another. It looked real, all right. Felt real, too. It cost a dollar ninety-eight. He put it in his pocket and went out and boarded another trolley and at last he was back—the same old street, the antique shop, and, as usual, not a cop in sight. He had only one worry now. Gerhardt might not be in. But he had to be. A fence always was in at night. He had to be.

GERHARDT'S voice contained just the right amount of warmth. "Well, this is a surprise. I didn't expect you until—"

"Can I come in?"

"Of course, of course." Gerhardt stepped aside and Whitey hobbled into the shop. Gerhardt said, "What's wrong with your foot?"

"Nothin' much. Just a twist."

There was a silence Gerhardt found awkward. He said, "A week early, aren't you? Or did I get my dates mixed?"

"You got your dates right."

"Then—?"

"I went over the wall."

Gerhardt said after a moment, "I see. They revoked your parole."

"No. It still stands."

"Do you mean to tell me a man in full possession of his senses would escape—"

"Suppose they don't know I escaped?"

"Go on. You intrigue me."

"I'll be back in my cell before midnight, and nobody knows it but you—you and the guard I fixed. An alibi, see? Airtight."

"Alibi for what?"

"This." Whitey's pocket moved upward and forward, revealing the outline of the toy gun.

GERHARDT stared at it, as if hypnotized. Suddenly he flung out a hand and caught the wall and leaned against it. The familiar roaring was in his ears now, but magnified, a thousand sea shells all going at once, the sea itself, smashing against rock. Gradually it changed, to a thud, a drumming. Whitey said something but it went unheard. For Gerhardt now only one sound existed, the drumming of his heart.

Whitey said, "What's the matter?"

"High blood pressure. My doctor warned me." Gerhardt's voice rose to the doctor's elderly falsetto. "'No worries, no excitement. Excitement will be the death of you.'"

Whitey smiled. "He's a lousy doctor."

"So I surmised. I presume, before you pull that trigger, you're going to tell me what this is all about. Frankly, I'm curious."

"It's about eight G's. Remember?"

"Eight—? Oh. That. I thought—"

"You thought I fell for your spiel. But I didn't."

"Tell me, Whitey, do you take me for the sort of man who would risk his life for a paltry eight thousand dollars?"

"Not now, maybe. But you would then. And you did. And this is the pay-off."

"Not much of a pay-off, is it? I mean in terms of dollars and cents."

Whitey's eyes narrowed. "You selling something?"

"Buying. My life. Will you make a deal?"

"You and your deals?"

"Take my word for it, Whitey, murder is spinach. But cash on the line—"

"How much?"

"Eight thousand."

"You're forgetting the interest."

"Interest on what?"

"Five years in jail."

"Very well. Ten thousand."

Whitey's laugh was mirthless. "Once a fence always a fence."

"Twenty."

"Peanuts."

"Thirty."

"Keep going."

"Do I look like the Treasury Department?"

"No. You look like a big fat corpse."

"Forty. And that's my limit. Unless—" Gerhardt smiled—"you're willing to take a note."

"I'll take the forty. But make it fast. I've been horsing around here long enough."

Gerhardt went over to Sheba's cage

*Continued on page 28*

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*LASTING Refreshment—*
*It's Dry, that's Why!*

CANADA DRY

19

*Continued from page 26*

and, not without protest from its occupant, pushed it aside, disclosing a wall safe. He got down on one knee and twirled the dial. As he did so, the monkey above went through the same motions in exaggerated pantomime.

"Step on it," Whitey said.

THERE was a click. Gerhardt opened the circular door and thrust in his hand. At that precise moment the butt of the toy gun came swinging down on his head, with shattering force, again and again.

Whitey peeled off a glove, bent over the fat man and took hold of his wrist. No more blood pressure.

WHITEY, Gerhardt's suitcase in his hand, thirty-eight thousand dollars in it, two thousand more in his pockets, the two G's he had promised Peters, hobbled to the sewer, looked up and down the street, saw no one, drew the gun from his pocket, and flipped it. He heard its splash, the muffled clink of it as it struck bottom. He rounded the corner.

His next stop, the railroad station, was only six blocks away. He took a streetcar.

The six blocks dragged by. He got off. He entered the station. He went over to the glass door of the baggage room and looked in. His luck was holding. Crowded. He entered and put the suitcase on the counter and one of the baggage clerks took it and gave him a stub. He limped out, paused to look at the clock over the information desk. Ten-forty. Plenty of time.

NOW he was in the recreation yard, a prisoner again. He said okay, on your mark, get set, go, and never mind the ankle. He ran brokenly, every stride a sledge-hammer blow against the injured foot. He reached the building wall with not a second to spare. He leaned against it, panting and watching the light and feeling no triumph in what he had just done, just ache, ache, ache.

When he had regained his breath, he jerked the spoon off the thread ends. Good thing he'd thought of the thread gag. The cell window was too small, too distant a target for the hook. He tied the rope to one thread and pulled on the other, and the rope slithered up to the window bar, slid around it it and came down to him.

Two rope ends hanging down now, the hook attached to one. He grasped them and slowly ascended, hand over hand. Perched on the sill, he hauled in the rope. He hooked the hook to the sill, dropped the line into the cell, removed the loose bar, squeezed through the aperture and lowered himself to the cell floor. He heard Olsen's loud "Gin!" and the chef beefing. Spanelli was being quiet for a change.

He brought handfuls of sand and cement from under the bunk to the washbasin and turned the faucet on to a barely audible trickle and kneaded the mixture into lumps. He plugged the holes in the window and sank the bar into place.

Descending again, he whipped the hook off the sill. He coiled up the rope and threw it under the bunk.

He washed his hands, undressed, put on his pyjamas, hung up his uniform, rearranged the bunk, lay down. He tried lying flat on his back. The ankle ached. He tried lying on his side. It ached that way, too. He tried lying with the foot hanging over the bunk's edge. N.G.

Some cold water, that might help. He found his handkerchief and hopped to the basin and turned on the water. He put on one cold application after another and finally some of the ache left him. He returned to the bunk.

He fell into a doze, awakened soon after, the ache with him again. He got up and started for the basin, but his sound foot hit a wet spot and he slipped. Clutching wildly for support but getting none, he went down, all his weight on the wrong foot. He yelled.

He sat there, sick, hearing footsteps approach and not caring. A flashlight ray shot through the door bars and fell on him. Olsen said, "W'at's the matter?"

"I slipped."

"You ain't gonna tell me your ankle swole up that fast."

"No. I hurt it during recreation. Right after supper."

"Need help?"

"No." And to prove it, Whitey dragged himself to the bunk and pulled himself up into it.

"How did you hurt it?"

"Stepped in a hole out in the yard. It's about time they filled those lousy holes."

"Why didn't you tell somebody when it happened?"

"It didn't seem like much then. It didn't start bothering me until a little while ago."

"I'm gonna call Doc."

"Forget it."

"I'm callin' Doc."

PRISON had not yet quite worn away Doc's bedside manner. He fingered the foot and tapped it and said briskly, "Nasty sprain. But you'll recover. I suppose we'll have to get someone to help you."

"Help me what?"

"Get to the infirmary. You'll be laid up a few weeks, you know."

'Infirmary!' Whitey stiffened. That meant they'd come in to clean out the cell, find the stuff under the bunk. He'd planned to get rid of it tomorrow. He said, "I'd rather stay here, Doc."

"You're the first prisoner I ever met who wouldn't take a month in the infirmary. Nice big bed, beautiful nurse—"

Olsen said, "He's gettin' out next week, Doc."

"So he stays there a week. Some cracked ice and that swelling will be down in no time."

"I can do without ice."

Doc shrugged. "It's your ankle." He took adhesive and scissors out of his satchel and taped up the foot.

Outside the cell, he whispered to Olsen, "Odd, he didn't want to go to the infirmary."

Whitey grinned. Don't fret, Doc. I'll go to your lousy infirmary. I'll even hold hands with your big fat nurse. But be patient. A day, that's all. And then I'll hold hands with her, although frankly, Doc, I'd much rather hold hands with the little brunette on the trolley car.

HE AWOKE at dawn to the tug of a hand at his shoulder and the almost tangible slam of light against his eyes. The light poured from two flashlights, close up. Olsen was holding one, and a thickset man, whom Whitey recognized as a detective, was holding the other. There was another man in the cell, Donnelly, and he was holding something, too.

A coil of rope with a hook tied to it.

Whitey, fighting down panic, said, "Hello, Donnelly."

"Hello, Whitey."

"What gives?"

"Murder. A cleaning woman found your pal Gerhardt with his head bashed in."

Whitey said, "What!" It sounded flat, even to him.

"Go ahead, Whitey. Act dumb

Clam up." Donnelly raised the coil. Caught in the sickly grey light coming in between the window bars his arm, with the circle of rope beneath it, was like a gallows. "This talks. So does wet cement, mud on your shoes, thread, the baggage stub."

"Two G's," the thickset detective said. "They talk, too."

There was a silence. Whitey sat up and held his head in his hands—it was throbbing now just like the ankle—and closed his eyes. Got to think. Got to get up a plan.

Donnelly said, "The two grand was for Peters, right?"

Whitey said tiredly, "Right."

"Did you tell him why you were breaking out?"

"No. Just that I had a big deal that couldn't wait."

"And he was willing to trust you for the dough?"

"He was willing to do anything. Loan-shark bait. Up to his ears in debt. Who tipped you off, Donnelly?"

"A dame."

"Huh?"

"A dame."

Whitey said, "I knew. The little brunette on the trolley—"

Donnelly said, "A skinny brunette named Sheba."

Whitey looked up for a second. "I don't get it."

Donnelly said, "When we went into Gerhardt's parlor she was limping around in the cage. Now do you get it, Whitey? *Limping*. At first we thought her paw was hurt. But she stopped limping. I played a hunch and had the ambulance doctor look her over. He said the paw was okay. Then we knew. She was imitating someone—maybe the killer."

"The little jerk," Whitey said. "The dirty little jerk!"

Donnelly said, "We put out a teletype for a man with a limp. That's all we had to go on—until we thought of you. You had motive. The question was whether you had opportunity. According to our records, you were getting out on the twenty-second. But sometimes records make mistakes. So I phoned the warden. He said you were still in stir. I remember saying to myself, well, Whitey, I guess that lets you out, when he mentioned the sprained ankle. Then things began clicking. They clicked like a steel trap."

"I should of knocked her off," Whitey said. "That's what. Knocked her off. The double-crossing little jerk!" ★

## The Blind Doctor of Rocanville

*Continued from page 17*

tocopherol (vitamin E) treatment Dr. Merifield had put him on made him feel much better.

Then, in quick succession, two young women for prenatal examination, on routine visits. Up and down the countryside the doctor's reputation in obstetrical cases is sky-high. One woman said, her smile barely disguising the sharp edge of truth, "Perhaps we like him just *because* he can't see." Merifield says, "Delivery is so much a matter of touch, even in an instrument case, that it's not surprising one can still do it."

Later in the afternoon a French-Canadian woman for a check on her anaemia and hypertension. "It just makes me feel good to talk with the doctor regularly," she confided.

There has been a peculiar flu prevalent in the district this winter which leaves the patient dizzy for quite some time afterward. Dr. Merifield diagnosed the trouble as due to disturbance of the function of the balancing organ in the inner ear. Fred Davis, principal of Spy Hill school, came 20 miles to consult the doctor about that.

Around 10 p.m., Dalton Strong arrived to ask the doctor to come to visit his 91-year-old mother. The old lady had just got back from a visit to Kingston, Ont., and had been, it seems, suffering most of all from acute homesickness. She wouldn't eat anything and seemed terrified of all strangers. All she wanted was to stay home on the prairies she knew.

"If you'll just come and see her," Strong asked the doctor, "she'd take something from you."

"All right, I'll come along," the doctor said.

Mrs. Merifield, a slight, grey-haired little woman, with bird-quick manner, checked on the doctor's case and got on her overshoes, coat and scarf. The doctor went firmly to the cupboard and got into his coat and checked cap. He followed Mrs. Merifield out of the door and slipped his hand under her elbow. Strong had left the engine of his car running. It was 20 below that night.

The Strongs live in the old school building, partitioned to make rooms for the big family. The doctor, his hand under his wife's arm, came at a crisp, quick walk across the snowy road, up the steps. The sick old woman was moaning in one of the rooms.

Dr. and Mrs. Merifield went in to see her. Mrs. Merifield reported on the count when the doctor checked on the blood pressure. He listened to her heart, talked to her soothingly, finally gave her a sedative hypodermically. She was much quieter when he left.

### "I Check, and Recheck"

There are other cases Dr. Merifield handles as a matter of course; they include anaemias, hypertensions, digestive disturbances, appendicitis, gall bladder, gallstones, ulcers of stomach or duodenum, and cancer.

"After all," the doctor says, "it is not very different diagnosing without eyes. Dr. William Goldie, associate professor of medicine at Toronto, used to tell us 30 years ago that 70% of the points of evidence upon which a diagnosis is based comes from the patient's history. About 20% from a physical examination in which most information comes from auscultation (listening with stethoscope), palpitation (sense of touch), and even from olfactory (sense of smell). Why, on occasions I've diagnosed diphtheria and some other things from my attention being attracted by the characteristic smell.

"The final 10% comes from X-ray and laboratory reports. Of course, even sighted doctors obtain these from technicians usually.

"The only part in all the foregoing where I am handicapped is the part of the physical examination which depends upon sight. I get this information from my nurse.

"In maternity cases one's difficulties are greatest before the baby arrives. Here again it is examination and manipulation with the gloved hand, where touch is the only sense one can bring into play at this stage. The secret of any success I may have had is in the fact that I never leave a maternity case once labor has started. And, in other cases, I try to do every bit of work just as carefully as possible. I have to check and recheck. I cannot take as great a chance as the sighted doctor, for the public is naturally afraid that

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the blind person may make a mistake."

I met Mrs. Gordon Hodgins the next day. Gordon edits the Roosville Record (circulation 580) and runs a print shop as his father did before him on Main Street. He's a young, blunt guy.

"Sure," he said, "the wife's a patient of the little doc's. She went down to the Grey Nuns' Hospital in Regina at the doc's suggestion. At the Medical Arts Clinic a Dr. Smith examined her. Gallstones, he reported—just like the little doc said. 'Not bad for a blind man,' the wife commented. That threw them. 'You don't mean to say you were diagnosed by a blind doctor,' they all said, down there in the city."

"That's the way it was," Mrs. Hodgins said. "The doc's a wonder on diagnosing. Doesn't often happen he's wrong."

Gordon spoke sharply. "There are some of the people in this town who have it in for him. Because he's blind, see. But let them have a twinge of pain and they are right there screaming for him. And he's right there to help them."

"I've had him for both of my children," Mrs. Hodgins said. "And Patsy was an instrument case, too. I'd have him again."

"Hold on there," Gordon said, grinning at her.

### Some Won't Help Out

"The thing I like, too," Mrs. Hodgins added, "is that he tells you to go to other doctors. He hasn't a bad word for anybody."

Gordon came in again. "He gets his own mail. You ought to see him, feeling his way by the wicket to his box, working the combination. Sometimes he stops to talk to you on Main Street (in the summer he gets around more, with his cane, see, winters are more difficult), and he'll take out his watch. Not a Braille watch, just ordinary, with the glass taken off so he can feel the numbers. And he'll say, 'Time for me to be going now.'

"His worst difficulty is crossing the street. Someone will shout 'Hi, Doc,' and he'll turn to greet them, and lose his direction. There are some in this town that'll just stand and watch him then. And some that'll call out, 'Just a little left, Doc,' or, 'Just a little to the right.'"

"Mrs. Merifield, now," Mrs. Hodgins said, "she's fine. She'll try to make him help himself instead of doing everything for him, and her heart in her eyes, so you can see it plain. No fuss at all from her."

"We're lucky to have him," Gordon ended definitely, "and no mistake. This district's too small for a young man, and no hospital. They like to have hospitals. There are people who've tried to get him out, and perhaps one of these days they'll succeed but then they'll find themselves with no doctor at all."

"I'll have him anytime," Mrs. Hodgins repeated, and looked with a smile at Gordon.

Though Mrs. Merifield has had no training as a nurse she always wanted to train for it. Her two sisters were nurses. To help Roy Merifield get through his medical schooling after the 1914-18 war she worked in a nurse's office. It came as good experience later.

Besides always going on cases, Mrs. Merifield (who is a little deaf, so that where she serves as her husband's eyes he lends his ears to her) also helps in public health work, such as immunization. She accompanies the doctor to schools and loads hypos for the shots. Babies and children under school age get their inoculations during summer months; the district is immunization-conscious. She does the doctor's blood-count examinations, all the dressings, and at times has even sutured wounds.

Roy Merifield was born in Ottawa. Many of his mother's relatives were doctors and he can't remember back to a time when he didn't know he was going to be one, too. He took his B.A. course at Victoria College in Toronto, one year behind Sir Frederick Banting with whom he belonged to a students' dinner club.

During World War I he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps but didn't get overseas. He got married during that period. When he resumed his medical course Mrs. Merifield helped him get through by working in the winters while he went on construction jobs in the summers. He graduated in 1922.

By this time his family and his wife's family were living at Prince Albert, Sask., and he took a practice in the village of Kinistino, 45 miles east from Prince Albert.

"Those were the days when I worked hard, walked fast, drove fast, lived hard. It seemed to me I had boundless, endless energy," he recalls.

They were still the roaring, rocking years of the young West and Roy Merifield found them to his liking. He turned down an offer from a California hospital in the 20's, for he was doing well and loving the wild, free life.

So, with heavy drinking, long hours, northland journeys, and much work the Roaring Twenties changed to the Hungry Thirties. And finally, in 1936, the Merifields moved to Roosville.

In 1939, when he was 45, Dr. Merifield found he was losing his vision. For about eight years more he could see faint shapes and light and darkness. Two years ago he went completely blind.

He speaks of those years now calmly, though in strong words. "It was still depression when I lost my sight. Like most country doctors I had no ready cash. Those were the years your accounts only figured in your books.

"I think that sometimes, then, as I sat in my office, day after day, with not a patient coming in, misty shapes wavering before my eyes, I could easily have killed myself.

"But there were my wife and my daughter. I would go home after an empty day, wondering how long my wife could carry on with no money coming in. There were nightmares at night and worrying by day.

### He Won't Be Pushed Around

"And then, so gradually you couldn't put your finger on it, but it must have been after two years of great anguish, my practice began to improve. I brought my office home. My wife was there to help me. She was present on every call. She drove me night and day, winter and summer, whenever I had to go to see a patient. She even came on cutter trips over roads that were impassable by car."

First hope, after the two dreadful years, was fostered by the fact that Merifield learned to type. It was a new skill, learned on a borrowed machine from a book of instruction, but it gave him confidence. Winter evenings passed more quickly now, his fingers grew firm and sure.

Then, too, R. W. Heath, of the Institute for the Blind in Regina, hearing of Dr. Merifield, put the services of the Institute at his disposal. Now again there were new opportunities.

Geraldine McEwen, blind music teacher in Winnipeg, lent the doctor a book of instruction in Braille. The doctor learned it alone, now speeds

*Continued on page 32*

# The Great PONTIAC Line for 1949

Fleetleader Special Sport Coupe

• Pontiac really IS an automobile show all by itself! Four completely new lines . . . Fleetleader Specials, Fleetleader De Luxe, Chieftains and Streamliners . . . strikingly new in styling . . . deluxe appointments available in all models . . . choice of six or eight-cylinder engines . . . choice of 115" or 120" wheelbase—21 different models altogether! For appearance, performance, comfort, luxury and value, you just couldn't do better than choose Pontiac.

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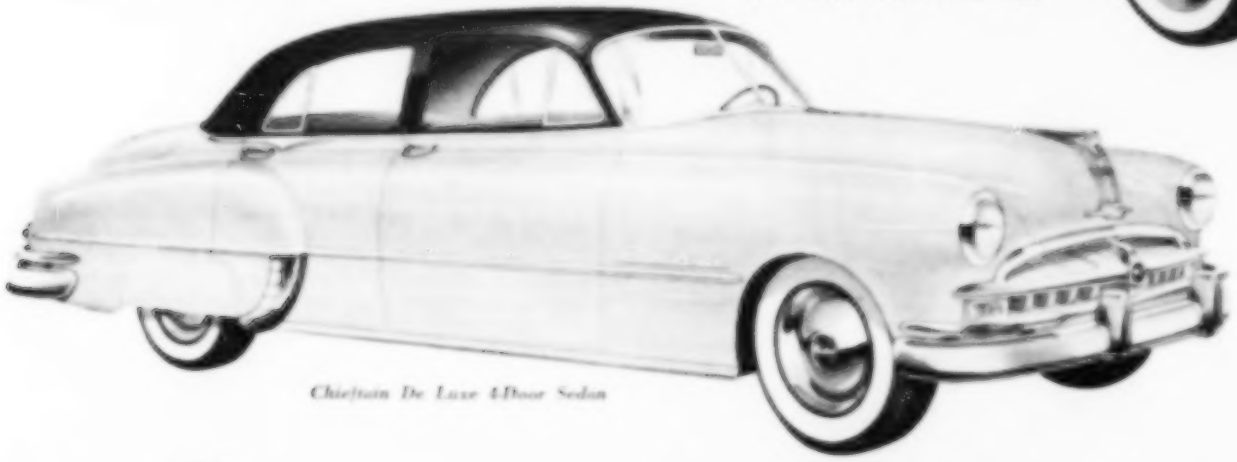

Chieftain De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

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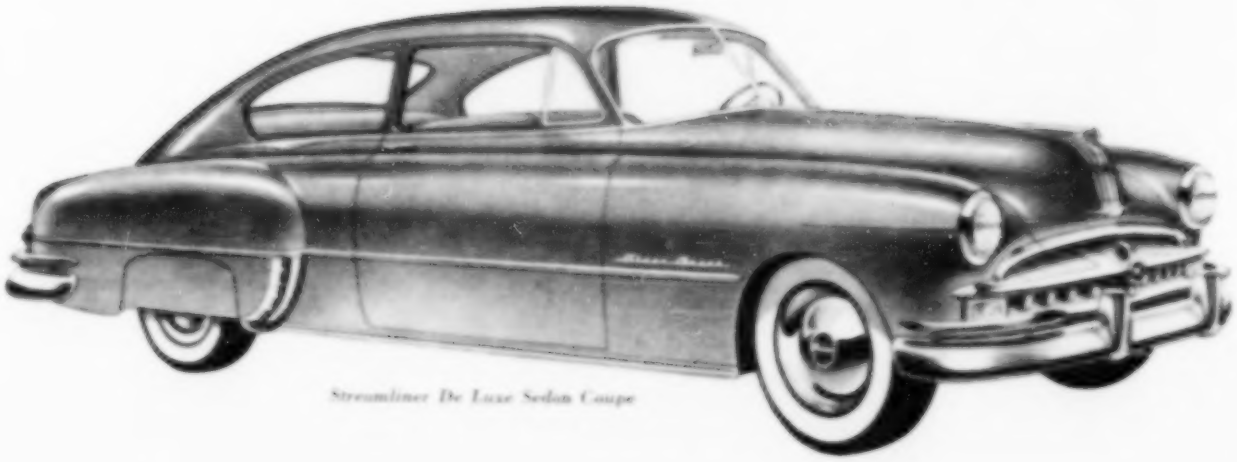

Streamliner De Luxe Sedan Coupe

*Continued from page 30*

time each evening reading. There is medical news as well as entertainment in Braille—a constant joy to him. His wife reads for him the additional information on new finds in medicine that would help and interest him.

That turning-point year of 1941, when Dr. Merifield moved his office from the town building to his home, learned to type and read Braille, heralded brighter times. Patients came back. Young daughter Betty was able to go to the University of Manitoba and later to take an additional course in social science. (She's now a social service worker in Winnipeg.)

Forced to move from a rented house, the doctor bought a lovely, little old one and renovated it into a comfortable, pleasant home. He bought a car. He keeps the drive shoveled, and old Archie Black keeps the garden in flowers throughout the summer months. The doorbell rings constantly now.

It's a success story all right.

It's the story of a man who did not want charity.

"You must carry on," Dr. Merifield will say conversationally, and there's the bugle call of a motto that should be embossed on the Merifield family crest.

"I'd like others to know it's possible to carry on," he says. "Under any circumstances."

Within their rights, some villagers—a few members of the town council, the village manufacturer of oil cans—speak against him, advertise for a young seeing doctor. Merifield says, "I'll leave, of course, and let him take over when he comes. But I'll stick here until they get one."

And, meanwhile, Billy Conner comes for his cough, a mother from Manitoba across the provincial border brings in a seven-year-old son who won't talk, a farmer's wife comes in with a tumor, and the doctor sends an appendicitis case to a hospital in Moosomin or Regina.

"I won't worry about it," the doctor says, "but I won't be stepped on either. I'm too stubborn to walk out while there are loyal patients. Also, you see, I must—and am—earning my living.

"Regardless of who is right, the main thing which I'd like to say to all blind folks is that even a blind person need never be pushed around if he decides to be like other human beings." ★

## The Emotional Instability of Henry Perkins

*Continued from page 11*

"I was wondering if I'd know you," Jane said. "But I did."

"I knew you too," Henry said.

She smiled and said, "Well, gee."

"Yeah," Henry said.

"Have you met Margaret and Ophelia?"

"Well, yes."

"I'd supposed my letters had made you practically acquainted."

"Letters?"

"Yes, of course. My letters."

"Letters to me?"

Jane looked disconcerted.

"Yes, certainly. You've been writing letters to me and I've been writing letters to you, all last winter and all this summer." She studied him searchingly. "You haven't had a loss of memory or anything, have you?"

"I don't know," Henry said. A horrible suspicion began to dawn. He said in a voice like a crush, "Uncle Ludovici."

"Yes, you spoke of him in your letters."

"He's a tremendous personality," Henry said. "He's sort of unbalanced."

"You said in your letters that he was saintly."

"That's because he wrote the letters," Henry said miserably.

"Oh," Jane said. She fell to nibbling the corner of her lip. There was an interval of silence. "What bully fun he must have had."

"He meant it for my own good," Henry said. "He wants me to get married."

"Oh," Jane said. Two butterflies joined them, playing a hectic game. Jane stopped speaking until they went away. "Well, there's no harm done. That is if you don't mind our scratching up the furniture and weeding the garden."

"Oh, not at all," Henry said unhappily.

Margaret came out of the house and handed a large envelope to Henry.

"I'll go start dinner," Jane said. Her voice was matter-of-fact but her lips were trembling a little. Margaret went away and Jane went away. Henry felt helpless.

He sat down on the ground while the earth spun and opened the envelope Margaret had brought. It was from his Uncle Ludovici's book-publishing firm. It contained two files of correspondence. One file consisted of letters from Jane to Henry. The other file consisted of copies of letters (forged) from Henry to Jane. There was no covering letter. Uncle Ludovici, in his wisdom, would have realized that none was needed.

The plot was dastardly. It was inhuman, unholy, sacrilegious. Henry's morality quailed before the comprehension of a treachery so infamous, even in Uncle Ludovici, who was capable of anything.

He remembered when, duped by Uncle Ludovici's cunning portrayal of the kindly, fatherly role he played so well, he had told him something about Jane. He remembered that he had been so unsuspecting as to produce Jane's letter, from which, without doubt, Uncle Ludovici had subsequently pilfered her address.

The correspondence led off, Henry saw, with a letter from himself to Jane. The date was of the preceding autumn, about the time Uncle Ludovici had first ordered Henry to take a wife. Henry was not the sort to marry late, Uncle Ludovici had stated. He diagnosed Henry as suffering from acute hyper-romanticism. He said it showed in Henry's work. The state of his subconscious was evident in his metaphors. There was a limit to the warmth desirable for display on book jackets, Uncle Ludovici had asserted, and he was weary of cooling off Henry's blurbs. The specific was for Henry to find a nice girl and the sooner the better.

Henry had declined Uncle Ludovici's generous offer of a week off for a wife hunt. He had pointed out with some emphasis that when, where, and if he found a nice girl was his own strictly private business. Henry had been jubilant over the affair as a clear-cut victory.

The first letter was simple and direct. It read:

"My darling:

I can't forget you. I need you. Please write.

Forever yours, Henry Perkins."

The return address was the number of Uncle Ludovici's apartment.

Jane's reply, some weeks later, was

*Continued on page 34*

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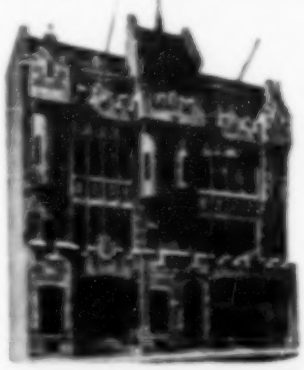

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*A campaign such as this not only helps Canadian industries but also puts money in the pocket of every Canadian citizen. One dollar out of every three we earn comes to us as a result of foreign trade. The more we can sell abroad the more prosperous we will be at home. We can sell more and we will sell more when the peoples of the world are told of the quality and availability of our Canadian products. It is with this objective that these advertisements are being produced and published throughout the world.*

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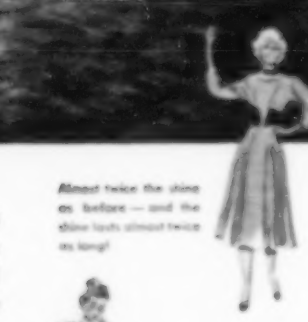
**There's a grand new glow in Glo-Coat**

CANADA'S finest self polishing wax is now better than ever—thanks to an exclusive new blend of waxes not found in any other self polishing wax. These brighter-shining, longer-wearing, work-saving waxes . . . are especially made to put a grand new gleam on your kitchen floor. There is still no rubbing or buffing, just apply Glo-Coat and let dry. Won't you try it tomorrow? You'll get a real "glow" out of the new Glow in Glo-Coat.



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Tough extra wax protection—can be damp-mopped clean—doesn't spot or chip!

Your dealer now has Glo-Coat with the grand new glow!

Quick and easy as before—Glo-Coat shines itself without rubbing or buffing!

Every week radio's brightest half hour: Fibber McGee and Molly Tuesday nights—CBC

Bring out the beauty of the home with JOHNSON'S Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

Paste Wax, Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., BRANTFORD, CANADA, 1949

*Continued from page 32*

friendly but reserved. Henry glanced through the rest of the letters and was relieved to see that Jane's insistent restraint eventually won out over his more ardent beginnings. For all that his letters came to accept her key of simple friendship, however, they remained adroitly suggestive of lingering hope, flickering passion and tight-lipped devotion. Henry was fascinated by Uncle Ludovici's subtle skill.

He became suddenly aware that he was exposing himself, even now, to Uncle Ludovici's insidious propaganda. He put his letters aside and turned to Jane's.

Running through them, he picked up the thread of events that had led to her appearance. Margaret, her sister, and a widow, worked in Vancouver as a speech teacher. Jane herself worked as a secretary for a Mr. Horn.

Disaster appeared between the lines. The speech teaching, a precarious living at the best of times, was in a decline. Margaret and her little girl Ophelia had come to live with Jane.

Evidently Henry's letters at this time began generously urging her unemployed sister to come East, where he was apparently offering to find her a new career. Jane didn't take the idea seriously at first. She wrote that all would be well; prosperity was just around the corner.

About this time she revealed that she might be married soon, to Mr. Horn, her boss. Henry fought down a desire to see what his letters had to say to that. He could guess. Her following letters proved his guess accurate. She chided him, rather gently, for clinging to dreams that were long-gone. She implied that if their correspondence was to continue they must firmly forget those things best forgotten. However, she did not mention Mr. Horn again.

A purely Platonic pitch re-established, Henry's letters continued to plug the theme of a migration East, and definite dates were now being discussed. Jane was still reluctant, but desperation was showing through the threads of her unwillingness. A summer visit to Ontario might be very good for Margaret and Ophelia, she thought. It might even be possible for her to use her vacation to accompany them.

Henry put the letters away in the envelope. He was possessed by a curious mood, composed of equal parts of horror, savage indignation, and a strange music instilled by the artful rhythms of the letters. He realized that these letters were extremely dangerous, after seeing Jane in this unexpected way. Or seeing Jane like this was extremely dangerous. Something, at any rate, was extremely dangerous.

AT DINNER, Margaret wore a long swirling skirt and a blouse with a tenuous neckline. Jane had not changed from her overall pants and checked shirt. She wore no make-up except for some butter on her wrist where she had burned it against the stove. She made no attempt to be sociable, but she was not brooding over the misunderstanding about the letters. Henry was glad to see. She had a brisk and capable air that Henry did not remember at all from the six days that had once shaken his world.

Henry summoned up a feeble helping of simulated bonhomie and bade them all a belated welcome. It was swell of them to come, he said. Margaret replied with polite platitudes. His place here was divine, Margaret said, how could he bear to stay away from it until so late in the summer? She mentioned that they had expected him two days before, when they had arrived, although his last letter had said that he might be delayed.

Henry apologized and explained that he had been in Montreal on business. He understood now why Uncle Ludovici had insisted on his trip to Montreal, even though it cut in on his vacation. Margaret said they had got along splendidly by themselves, even though they had no car. The people in the village store nine miles away had been awfully nice about delivering groceries and other essentials, putting it all on Henry's bill.

Ophelia, scrubbed and angelic in a starched pinafore, watched Henry for some time until she finally wrestled down her unconcealed revulsion sufficiently to address him. She asked if he would mind if she did a little work on his gook wagon. Margaret explained that she meant his record player.

Henry asked if something was wrong with it and Ophelia said it sounded like molasses in a jug. She said the manufacturer took out everything but the mellow register, and she asked him if he didn't want fidelity. Margaret said that of course Henry wanted fidelity, Sweet, and she told Henry that Ophelia was a music lover. She said Ophelia could not live without music.

"Well, we wouldn't want that to happen," Henry said.

Ophelia gave him a terrible grin around a slice of bread and butter and sugar and strawberry preserves and cheese spread and sausage. She said, "He's a comic-type guy."

AFTER dinner there was a rush for Henry's car. Apparently two days of rural exile had left the company frantic for a quick look at a paved street. Jane stemmed the tide with the direct order that someone else would stay and wash the dishes because she herself was going to town. Margaret said, "But definitely, sweet," and bowed to the inevitable and began clearing off the table. Jane changed into a white dress and sandals and tied a ribbon around her hair and she and Ophelia piled into Henry's convertible and drove away. Henry went out and sat on the terrace in the dusk.

It was too late in the summer for the sacktime songs of birds. It was too late for the fireflies. There was nothing left but the mosquitoes. They hummed forlornly in the evening stillness.

Henry entertained himself for a few minutes with the mental picture of slaying Uncle Ludovici as he was now slaying mosquitoes, left and right.

He went up to his room and unpacked his clothes. The file of correspondence sang a siren song to him and he figuratively lashed himself to the mast by stowing away the letters in the deepest recess of his closet. He went down to the kitchen and helped Margaret dry dishes.

Margaret, while they worked, told him about Jane's employer, Mr. Horn. She said Mr. Horn was a good-egg-type guy but he had been married four times. She said his life was just one babe after another and she didn't think that was for Jane. She said Jane had always been a literal-type kid and she could be hurt. Margaret said she had urged Jane to take this trip east partly in the hope that it would break up Mr. Horn's courtship.

Henry got away and staggered up to bed. He thought about Jane being a literal-type kid who could be hurt. He thought about Mr. Horn, about Uncle Ludovici, digging with his warped mind this pitfall to hurl Henry into romance, without consideration of how he might hurt Jane with his mortifying and humiliating forgeries.

He thought about the way Jane had dropped the hoe when she had seen

*Continued on page 36*

# "Thrifty? It's a miser on gasoline!"

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MERCURY-LINCOLN-METEOR DIVISION
FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

**SEE YOUR MERCURY DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION RIDE**

*Continued from page 34*

him. His emotion stability, he felt, was slipping. The forged letters, the unexpected meeting with Jane, Uncle Ludovici's monstrous double cross: these combined influences were thrusting upon him a heady sensation he had not felt since those six enchanted days long ago. He lay awake a long while composing what he would say to Jane on the morrow to explain the letters and Uncle Ludovici.

HE SLEPT late in the morning. When he went downstairs Ophelia was at the record player. She had torn the insides out of the console cabinet. She said she had gotten a few things in the village and charged them to him.

She said, "I'll rig up a variable reluctance magnetic pickup and a preamp and a decent amplifier and speaker and then, boy, we'll have something."

"Fine," Henry said. He embraced his headache with both hands and went into the kitchen, where he found Margaret alone with a cup of coffee.

She said, "I'm going to the brook. I've simply been living at your brook."

"Fine," Henry said. He drank a cup of coffee and shuddered and drank another. He said, "Where's Jane?"

"But she's gone," Margaret said. "She just finished packing and left ten minutes ago. Didn't you know?"

"Gone where?"

"Home, of course. She's awfully upset about something. She won't say what, but I rather imagine Mr. Horn has sent her an ultimatum. I'm so unhappy about it, but I couldn't stop her."

Henry started out and came back and said, "When does her train leave?"

"I think at noon."

Henry went outside and came back in again and returned to the kitchen. He said, "Where's my car?"

"But she took it," Margaret said. "She said she'd leave it at the station."

Ophelia looked up from her work as Henry loped past her once more. She said, "You might slap a hot-car rap on her."

Henry went on out and walked down the road, kicking rocks. The sunlit mid-morning view did nothing for him. He was unaware of a silent bobolink that watched him from a fence post. He walked rapidly. He would go to Mr. Hennebec's place, he thought, and borrow the Hennebec car and drive to the station. With luck he would get there before noon.

He rounded a curve and came upon the crossroad where his mailbox perched on its tilted post. The mailbox had a special symbolism for him. It stood solitary, independent, self-reliant at its wind-swept corner, reflecting, Henry liked to think, his own rural personality. It stood absolutely if a little waveringly on its own, asking nothing but to be a peaceful part of this countryside it loved. He seldom came upon the mailbox without experiencing a mystic feeling of oneness with this sturdy land. This time, however, any traces of the mystic feeling fled away when he saw his car parked beside the mailbox, and Jane poking her head beneath the raised hood of the engine.

HENRY said, "Ha!" Jane turned quickly, startled, and banged her head.

Henry came up to the car. He said, "Listen." But the words he had been planning to say scurried out of his mind like so many ants running from a burst of light. Jane was wearing a plaid jacket that was the same jacket she had once worn during the six days, and he remembered it very well. Other memories instantly leapfrogged over the opening gambit of the jacket. Time crumbled and came apart in a disastrous fashion.

"That's the same coat," Henry said foolishly.

"They wear forever."

There was a tendril of brown hair beside her ear. Henry gazed at it, staggered by the somehow enormous thought that it was the same hair too. With a gesture of vexation Jane dabbed at the lock of hair with a finger and sealed it down. She left a streak of grease below it.

She said, "Do you know how to fix a car?"

"No," Henry said.

"It won't run," Jane said. "I think it's the distributor."

"Listen," Henry said.

"I have to catch a train," Jane said. "Will you get me a taxi, please?"

The memories put Henry on a pair of skids and moved him toward her. He reached out with his handkerchief and wiped the grease off her face.

She stood quite still.

"Listen," Henry said. "About those letters."

"I'll send for Margaret and Ophelia as soon as I can," Jane said. "There doesn't happen to be money enough for all of us to go right away."

"I don't want you to go right away," Henry said.

"I'm sorry," Jane said. "I have an appointment in Vancouver."

Henry was amazed to see tears in her eyes. He put his arms around Jane and kissed the top of her ear. The memories burst forth in graphic detail and swamped him. They were extremely arresting graphic details. It seemed impossible they could ever have been forgotten. It struck him, as in sudden revelation, that perhaps this was the core of love, remembering. It followed that people got married so they wouldn't forget again.

"Please let me go," Jane said.

She linked her hands around his head and kissed his lips. Then she moved quickly away from him. She looked frightened. She straightened the jacket. She said, "We've got to guard against this silly sentiment. I'm going to miss my train."

"Listen," Henry said. "You can't go."

Jane bit the corner of her lip. She said, "I suppose I can't until you get your car fixed. But it must be absolutely clear that I'm only staying under duress."

"Listen," Henry said.

"Please get it fixed right away," Jane said. "I'll go back and start lunch."

She walked away. Henry walked with her. He said, "Listen."

Jane did not look at him. She said, "Please keep in mind the fact that I'm only being detained by an act of God."

HENRY stayed for lunch while awaiting the tow truck from the garage. By the time Jane had walked back to the house she had gotten herself blithely and determinedly in hand. Her unconcerned presence and the sound of her unconcerned voice, as she worked in the kitchen, knifed him to the heart. Clearly Uncle Ludovici's unfeeling forgeries had so wounded her that she would never again permit herself to recall even a vestige of the love that once had been, her love that had started back to life for a brief moment there by the mailbox, and that she had as quickly killed before his eyes. As soon as his car was fixed she would be on the train to the west coast, busily forgetting him. His memories were powerless against her iron resolution.

Ophelia, deep in the wreckage of the record player, told him she hoped he didn't mind about the Scarlatti sonatas,

Henry enquired what she meant and she said his records were all stinkers and the guy in the village happened to have an album of Scarlatti harpsichord sonatas, seventeen sides, and she had brought it home. She said they were really gone. She told Henry they would murder him. The garage truck arrived as Jane called them to lunch, and Henry departed with it on an empty stomach and a heavy heart.

They stopped at the mailbox and the garageman looked at the car and said it needed a new distributor rotor. They hooked the car to the truck and towed it to the village, where the garageman got a new distributor rotor and wiggled it on, replaced the distributor head, and said the car was ready.

"Is it fixed?" Henry asked.

"Ayeh."

Henry tried the engine. It ran.

"What happened to the old distributor rotor?"

"Gone."

"Did it bounce off or break off or burn off or what?" Henry asked.

"Took off."

"Took off?"

"Ayeh."

"Somebody took it off?" said Henry.

"Ayeh."

"After which the car would not run?"

"Ayeh."

"And before which the car would run?"

"Should think."

"Thank you," Henry said.

"Five dollars," the garageman said.

HENRY paid him and drove to the Jordan Hotel. He called Uncle Ludovici's office. Uncle Ludovici's secretary told him Uncle Ludovici was not in. Henry felt this to be a direct lie but there was nothing he could do about it. He dictated a memo to Uncle Ludovici's secretary. The memo was hot off the elbow of his unstable emotions. It ran to some length.

He went into the house and waited. After two hours a call came in for him. The call was from Uncle Ludovici's secretary. Henry took her information, thanked her, got in his car and drove home. The sultry weather congealed and by the time he turned into his lane a spattering rain was falling.

He went through the lobby and out to the garden. Jane secured her hoe and replaced the lock of hair back of her ear.

She said, "Oh. Is it ready already?"

She was wearing a sun suit. It was a sensational sun suit. Henry did not remember it from the sun days. The suspicion crossed his mind that it was Margaret's. Her hair was brushed and shining. Her lips were bright from a touch of rouge. The light rain fell between them.

"I talked to Uncle Ludovici," Henry said. "He's got a job for Ophelia helping to edit a children's line we're going to get out called Music for Minors."

"Oh," Jane said. "That's wonderful."

"He also sent a telegram to your employer, Mr. Horn. I don't know what he said in it but he signed your name."

Jane looked shocked. She said, "Why, that's illegal."

"Probably what he said in the telegram was illegal too."

"But I'll lose my job."

"That was Uncle Ludovici's idea." The rain was increasing. Henry said, "Do you remember the night it rained?"

Jane blushed. In the sun suit the blush was charming. The earth trembled. This seemed entirely natural and it was only after an interval that Henry realized it resulted from thunder.

Jane said, "I'll have to hurry back and explain to him."

"The car won't run," Henry said. He took the distributor rotor out of his pocket. He said, "In case you've still got the old one, I also took off the whole distributor. I've also got the keys in my pocket."

Jane gave the distributor rotor a guilty look. She said presently, "It was the mailbox. It looked so much like you, all alone."

Henry reached out and got the hoe and threw it away.

She said, "We mustn't be hasty."

"We can read those letters together," Henry said.

"That would be a very sensible test."

OPHELIA stuck her hands in her pockets and paced through the house in melancholy. She found her mother on the terrace with a book.

She said, "The electricity's gone blooey. Lightning must have goofed it up. I can't play the record player."

"That's too bad, sweet," Margaret said.

"Henry and Jane are outside sitting in the rain in the garden."

"I know," Margaret said.

"I guess he found out that she took off his distributor rotor."

"She did what, sweet?"

"She asked me how to do it before she left this morning."

Margaret smiled.

"Poor guy," Ophelia said. ★

## War in the Fur Country

*Continued from page 15*

big shots rarely handle the fur, seldom take any of the risks. Working through a network of paid stooges, they direct operations from the comparative safety of their big-city offices. They are shrewd, greedy men who care little about the preservation of Canada's wild life and even less about the welfare of the human puppets who dance at the ends of their cleverly manipulated strings.

Occasionally, however, a big operator sticks his jaw out where the law can tap it. Like Jacob Glick, a swarthy nervous little man whom police had long suspected but could never nail with the goods. Then one day Glick's luck began to run out.

A young Ontario warden named "Bull" Hemple who had little respect for red tape seized Glick and ordered a search of his person. Glick was enraged, threatening legal action against the department. But the search was made and two books were taken from Glick's pockets. Hemple had hit the jackpot.

One book was a complete record of Glick's shady fur transactions. The other was his code book. Police described it as a masterpiece. Every letter, every combination of letters of every word meant something entirely different. Like the word "ROBIN." The letter "R" might mean "Will pick up furs Tuesday"; the letters "RO" used together might warn "Cancel plans, police wise"; the combination "ROB" might instruct a stooge "Meet me by taxi at station."

Seizure of his code book smashed the whole elaborate communication system linking Glick with fur bootleggers throughout the north. But the department still couldn't prosecute. Glick went free.

A short time later Ontario Provincial Police were in Rouyn, Que., looking for


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$40,000 worth of gold stolen from the Dome Mine at South Porcupine. They learned that a float plane had been chartered to fly from Rouyn into desolate country back of Sudbury, Ont., to pick up freight and a passenger. On the chance it might be going to pick up the stolen gold, the Ontario constables decided to stick around.

A Quebec constable was placed aboard the aircraft, disguised as a mechanic. On the return flight it was agreed that the pilot would land at Rouyn on the pretense that he had to gas up before continuing on to Montreal. If the passenger objected the "mechanic" had a gun as a convincer.

When the plane splashed down on an isolated lake far back in the Ontario bush the cargo waiting was bales of fur—444 beaver skins worth $20,000. The passenger was Jacob Glick who—when the plane made its unscheduled landing at Rouyn—walked straight into the arms of the law and two years in jail.

Day and night—in weather sometimes 50 below zero—wardens and poachers wage their war. It's a battle of wits; a test of cunning. There are no rules, no set patterns. Every poacher has a few tricks of his own.

### Beaver to Catch Beaver

The odds are with the poacher, for the warden must keep on the move, often betraying his whereabouts. The fur thief can remain under cover, striking at moments of his own choosing. Tracking him is a tough chore, for he usually makes his sets during a snowfall, counting on the storm to wipe out signs of his activity.

In Saskatchewan, last winter, a warden came upon two men eating cold rations in bush closed to trapping. As he approached one of the men started a fire. "Make you some hot tea?" he asked pleasantly.

The warden was suspicious. Men chewing on cold grub with firewood stacked ready for lighting didn't make sense. He rummaged through their packsacks and sleeping bags but found nothing. Then, on a hunch, he kicked the blazing firewood aside and dug into the snow beneath it. There, buried in a canvas sack, he found six mink and two muskrat pelts.

Spring brings a warden many of his biggest headaches. One problem is the use of castor by poachers to bait their traps.

Inside each beaver are egg-sized scent glands (technically, the perineal) known as castor (which is Latin for beaver). In his springtime mating travels a beaver will stop here and there, push up a mound of mud and leave a castor deposit on it—a sort of Chanel No. 5 of the beaver world. Every beaver in the area will probably visit the spot.

"If a poacher finds one of these castor deposits," explains Henry Haskins, district chief warden at North Bay, Ont., "he sets his traps nearby and makes a real killing."

Haskins says he can smell a bear, a moose or a deer in the bush—but he still can't smell a man. "I wish I could," he laughs. "It'd sure be a big help."

In the 20 years he's been enforcing game and fish laws Haskins has learned a lot about poachers and how they operate. The offense which outrages him most is "trenching"—a favored method of poaching beaver in the fall.

The poacher first finds a beaver pond, then chops a hole in the dam and lets the water escape. Most beaver have holes in the pond bank about 50 or 100 yards away from their houses. As the pond drains, the beaver retreat into these holes.

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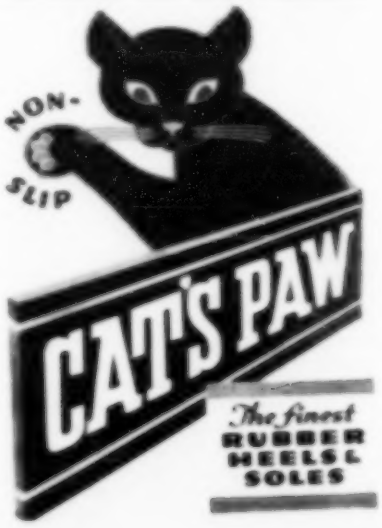

"A mongrel dog," says Haskins, "is used to find where the beaver are holed up. Then the poacher drives wooden stakes across the openings. Next, from above the hole a sharpened stick is shoved down through the mud. The hiding beaver is either speared or chased out where it can be clubbed to death."

It takes an experienced eye to recognize pelts that have been "trenched." Veteran wardens are sometimes fooled. Skins seized from a trapper suspected of "trenching" look like any other pelts—until Haskins explains the reasons for his suspicions. One hide has two small holes in it, indicating spearing; several pelts have blackened welts, crusted with dried blood.

"This one was clubbed with an axe," Haskins says, parting the rich brown fur to reveal a long gash in the hide. "And look at the feet. Not a trap mark on any of them."

Poachers need plenty on the ball to outwit the bush-wise wardens. Not long ago a farmer brought several beaver skins into Haskins' office. The season had just opened that morning.

"Pretty fast work," said the warden drily.

"Didn't know the season opened this morning," pleaded the farmer. "Thought it opened in January. Trapped them on my farm about a month ago."

Officials unrolled the pelts. The farmer was from Southern Ontario, which has a later opening date than northern districts. If he was telling the truth he might be excused—wardens know that honest mistakes can be made. It didn't take them long to prove this man was lying.

Winter-trapped pelts don't have dried leaves clinging to them. Three of these did. The hair on a fourth skin was so short that the beaver's ears, which normally can't be seen, stuck out like sore thumbs. "An August pelt if I ever saw one," said Haskins.

Trapping "hot" fur is one thing; getting it safely to buyers in big cities is another. Some fantastic smuggling methods are used and eagle-eyed wardens have learned to expect anything.

"Bootleg fur is smuggled out of the north by plane, train and automobile," says Charles Bibby, warden at Sudbury, Ont. "Taxi drivers, traveling salesmen, railroaders, truckers—even women are involved. They are well-paid (usually a dollar a pelt) and spotting the guilty ones is a terrific problem."

About the time of the Dan Tessier murder, 150 beaver pelts worth $6,000

# OPEN LETTER

**To: The Minister of National Revenue**
**Subject: Form T-1-General**

**1. Sir, this form you authorized,**
**2. Which I've carefully perused,**
**3. Leaves me (a) disorganized**
**(b) perplexed and (c) confused.**

**4. Despite its new and sparkling format**
**It still plants problems on my doormat.**
**(For instances of what I mean refer to Item 17.)**

**17. Example, how about the buck**
**(Most fascinatingly concealed)**
**Discovered by a stroke of luck**
**Underneath the chesterfield?**
**If this is unearned increment,**
**Please, may I keep just 10%?**
**(But if the answer should be no,**
**See Item 46 below.)**

**46. Again, there is the ten I placed**
**On Speedboat (in the seventh race).**
**Domestic troubles on his mind**
**(And mud) caused him to lag behind.**
**Less profitable than I reckoned.**
**He came in (slowly) twenty-second.**
**To end all fear of misconstruction,**
**Is this a recognized deduction?**

**If not, then I respectfully**
**remain as shown in Item 3.**

**P. J. Blackwell.**

LITTLE LULU SAYS:

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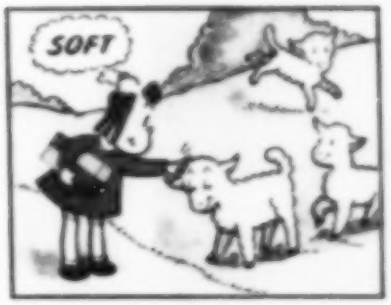


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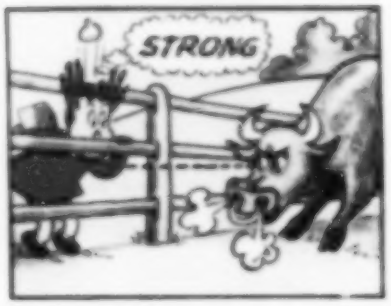


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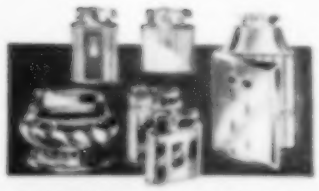

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were seized on a train out of Chapleau, Ont. A sleeping-car porter was working in cahoots with two brothers. On another occasion a veteran conductor was nabbed with 100 pelts stowed in his luggage.

Some poachers buy a rail ticket and then check a trunk or suitcase loaded with fur as baggage. They seldom take the train themselves. Instead, they mail the baggage stub to a confederate who claims the baggage on arrival.

One of 14 bales of fur addressed to the Montreal Fur Auctions came under suspicion. Three large X's had been scrawled on the side of the bale, and when investigators opened it they found 73 unsealed skins mixed up with 845 legally sealed beaver. Someone at the auction had been tipped to watch for this bale. The culprits who shipped it paid a fine of $7,300.

Another poacher got several shipments of fur out of the country before a curious warden pried the lid off a box labeled "fish" and found it crammed with otter and mink.

About a year ago two sisters checked a baby carriage onto a train headed for Montreal. Underneath a top layer of bedding and diapers were found two dozen mink pelts.

One matronly suspect who claimed to be pregnant was found to be hiding bootleg fur inside a corset. "That was an expensive baby," chuckles a warden who remembers the incident. "Delivery cost her $500."

Near Sudbury an overseer searched a suspected poacher's home from attic to basement but found nothing. As he leaned against a stair post a knob atop the post fell off. Inside the hollow post were found 10 beaver pelts. Skins have been found rolled up in kitchen blinds.

In cars smuggled fur turns up in upholstery, spare tires, window slots and secret compartments. Sometimes the driver will have pelts taped to his flesh under his shirt or trousers.

Smugglers using cars sometimes operate in groups of two or three. The first car, carrying no fur, checks the highway to make sure wardens aren't stopping traffic. From each town he reaches the driver of the lead car phones back to his associates, informing them whether the coast is clear or not.

Skins are difficult to recognize when wrapped in parcels because they can be rolled into such a variety of shapes. "You can pack 25 skins into a 12-by-12-inch package," says Mort Parks, former chief warden in Northern Ontario. "At Jocko we once caught a man who had rolled skins into hard round balls. When wrapped they looked like anything but fur."

Two years ago the Ontario Departments of Fish and Game and Lands and Forests were amalgamated, and facilities and staff increased. Use of the new department's aircraft has also taken some of the cockiness out of poachers who were running fur by air.

During the many years Mort Parks (he's retired now) battled the poacher he seldom had more than 38 wardens to patrol that vast stretch of heavily timbered, lake-studded country from James Bay to Parry Sound, and from the Algoma district eastward to the Quebec border. Today the department has about 190 wardens to police all Ontario, but there are still only nine men policing an area that sprawls over 77,000 square miles. Officials aren't joking when they say the life of a warden is a hard, thankless one. ♠

## The Death Ray Is Here

*Continued from page 7*

confirmed headline, SOVIET UNION MAKING ATOM BOMBS.

If that story breaks, our way of life will undergo an accelerating and radical transformation. Another war—if it comes—would permit no Pearl Harbors, and plans—already under way—will be speeded to prevent as many bombs as possible from hitting their targets "just in case." Radar-detection networks reaching into the stratosphere and far beyond the borders of the United States and the Soviet Union will be established on a hitherto unprecedented scale. Even at this relatively early date the United States Air Forces have requested a $160 million radar network with a range of 300 miles as an absolute minimum.

### The Face of Death

Every large city will need hundreds of strong shelters to protect against atom-bomb blast and radiation. Sixteen inches of concrete are enough to reduce gamma rays to one per cent of their initial energy, and the walls of future shelters may have to be even thicker.

You may have to spend an afternoon or two a week in highly organized civilian-defense training, pushed many times more actively than were similar plans in North America during the last war. You may have to accompany the fire department on emergency calls, not only to learn fire fighting and rescue techniques, but to know suffering first-hand; trips to local morgues have also been suggested to accustom people to the face of death.

You will have to be taught the meaning of those clicks on the Geiger counters, and perhaps you will be provided with instruments that ring bells when radioactivity reaches dangerous levels. Also, you'll have to learn a good deal in advance about methods of dealing with radioactive substances. Perhaps scientists will develop a cheap, lightweight material that can absorb "hot" chemicals and can be built into walls and used to fill blown-out windowpanes. Perhaps aerosol mists of tiny absorbent particles will help take the radioactivity out of the air in the streets.

There'll be special methods for treating walls and other surfaces—and for decontaminating your clothes and exposed parts of your body. Since two thirds of the bomb's radioactive fragments are metal atoms which aren't soluble in soap, you'll probably be using dilute acids on clothing.

For the hands Manhattan Project scientists used potassium permanganate which forms a brown chemical-absorbing layer on the skin; the layer can be scrubbed off or dissolved in sodium bisulphite. Titanium dioxide, a substance used in antisunburn creams and oils, can be used on the face or other parts of the body as a paste; this substance removes some of the radioactive materials from the skin and carries them off upon washing. These measures, of course, are only laboratory practice; but we may all have to learn something like them sooner or later.

Your life will change markedly even before any war starts and the enemy launches his first atom bombs. Afterward, if your city is well-prepared and defended, perhaps only a small percentage of the bombs will hit their targets. Advance warnings, plus shelters and efficient fire fighting and decontamination techniques, may reduce the element of surprise and save many lives. It's currently estimated that an atom bomb would cause 50,000 deaths and 50,000 injuries in a North American city, but that's assuming it goes off at high noon when the streets

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are crowded. Good defenses may reduce casualties by 50% or more, but death is only one of the bomb's by-products. The bomb is a saturation weapon; it destroys and irradiates square miles instead of blocks.

If you're not obviously injured when that hypothetical breakfast-hour bomb falls, you'll probably know what to do. You will have been trained to await word from radio stations or loud-speaker systems, not the sort we're used to now, but mobile units ready to be rushed in from the suburbs or nearby towns. In fact, mobility will be the key word of the wartime world—mobile kitchens, mobile hospitals, mobile weapons, mobile churches and mobile homes. We will become 20th-century nomads in a society on wheels.

World War II gave millions of civilians an idea of what it's like to move from place to place with little privacy or private property. Since the atom bomb is the greatest and fastest creator of displaced persons, a World War III would cause similar upheavals on a far larger scale. And even if you and your home aren't affected by the bombs, you'd have to join in mass evacuations anyway, because there isn't much point living near a place where you can't contribute to the war effort. Everyone will have to be ready to move—not a few blocks away, but perhaps hundreds of miles.

And if war *should* come—don't expect a quick one on the short-but-sweet theory. Military experts claim the atom bomb by itself will not win a full-scale battle between major powers. It will destroy vast areas, but other bombs would do that. The difference will be in speed and totality of destruction and deadly radiation which under certain circumstances may make cities uninhabitable for weeks. There will be other mass-destruction weapons and drawn-out attacks and counterattacks. Sooner or later someone will have to try to invade someone else's territory, which means crossing an ocean to land masses of men on an alien coastline. Military experts expect that if there's another war it will be a long one. Historians will be arguing for decades about who won it.

### Rays Don't Hurt—at First

When the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs fell in August, 1945, most people underestimated the effects of radiation. After all, the bomb had been exploded high enough in the air so that most of the radioactivity went up into the clouds instead of down on the city. But later reports revealed that, even allowing for this precaution, radiation did more harm than many experts had expected. Out of some 120,000 deaths in the two cities, about 10% were due to invisible rays and thousands of persons suffered from lingering or permanent aftereffects. Furthermore, there's a good chance that the proportion of such casualties will be increased in another war.

The bombs dropped on Japan give some idea of what might happen. The explosive in the Hiroshima weapon was U-235; the weight of the charge is still secret. As each uranium atom broke into two or more fragments, the protons and neutrons that made up its nucleus rearranged themselves in an infinitesimal fraction of a second, the resulting "splashes" in space giving rise to the whole spectrum of electromagnetic waves. Each atom became a tiny radar transmitter, releasing pulses of energy in the form of gamma rays, which resemble X-rays but are far more penetrating.

Persons exposed to these rays—and to the neutron bullets that are also emitted in the explosion—felt no pain.

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If rough, dry skin, unattractive blemishes, chapping or similar skin troubles are spoiling the beauty of your complexion—if you long for a smoother, clearer, more radiantly lovely skin, then start using Noxzema's tested new 4 Step Beauty Routine now. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, $1.39.


Within a few hours after the bomb fell they had attacks of nausea and vomited. These minor symptoms usually passed quickly, and from there on later effects depended on how much radiation had passed into their bodies. One measure of radiation is the roentgen, a unit named after Wilhelm Roentgen, the German physicist who discovered X-rays in 1895. All of us are continually absorbing natural radiation from the cosmic rays and from tiny amounts of radioactive material in the ground and air; the total dose rarely exceeds seven roentgens in an average lifetime.

People can take far larger doses if they're concentrated on only a part of the body or are spread out over a long period of time. Thus, the radium in the luminous dials of wrist watches may emit the equivalent of seven tenths of a roentgen a day, or more than 10,000 roentgens in 40 years, without doing any damage. Cancer patients may receive as much as 20,000 roentgens in a single treatment, but the area exposed is usually extremely small. The trouble comes when large doses affect the entire body in a matter of hours or days or, in the case of the Hiroshima bomb, in a split second.

When gamma rays enter the body they "shake" the molecules in the tissue cells and knock millions of electrons out of their accustomed orbits. As a result, many molecules become electrified or ionized, and this interferes with the functioning of certain vital substances called enzymes. These compounds are biology's chemists. They build up and break down the food you eat in an intricate series of reactions that make life possible. When enough of them are knocked out, the cell dies.

### For Bad Cases—No Hope

Young and growing cells are particularly vulnerable to atomic radiations. Multiplying red and white cells in the bone marrow and lymph tissues fit into this category, and so do the cells that form the mucous protective coatings of the intestines. At Hiroshima and Nagasaki persons who received the largest gamma-ray doses suffered from severe attacks of diarrhea during the day after the bomb fell.

All persons exposed to doses ranging from many thousands down to 800 to 1,000 roentgens died within a fortnight. At 400 to 600 roentgens 50% of the victims died; complete recovery was the rule from 50 to 200 roentgens. Death often came from pneumonia, blood poisoning, or other forms of secondary weakening of the body's first line of defense against disease. Other later symptoms included loss of hair, often at the crown of the head (giving the appearance of a monk's tonsure), and anaemia.

Since the bomb destroyed hospitals and killed or injured most of the cities' doctors, many patients obtained poor, if any, treatment. More fortunate sufferers received blood transfusion to combat the anaemia, injections of toluidine blue dye or protamine (a fish egg extract) to reduce hemorrhages, and anti-infection sulfa drugs or penicillin.

But, despite accelerating research on new treatments, nothing will save the most severely stricken. For example, in 1946 doctors could not save Dr. Louis B. Slotin, the Winnipeg biologist who assembled the first New Mexico bomb and, after a laboratory accident, voluntarily exposed himself for a fraction of a second to gamma rays to shield his co-workers (tests on coins in his pockets revealed that he'd received about 800 roentgens).

Since sperm and the germinal tissues that manufacture them are extraordinarily susceptible to gamma rays, practically

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every man who has had radiation sickness suffered some degree of sterility. Most of them recovered within three or four months, but official figures don't tell what that "most" means. Judging by reports from Japanese doctors at Hiroshima, a conservative estimate is that 80% of male patients regained complete reproductive powers (potency was not affected).

Two thirds of the women exposed to bomb radiations suffered menstrual disturbances and many who were pregnant had miscarriages.

What about "freak" changes (mutations) in future generations? Animal tests have provided no definite evidence as yet. No abnormal births have been reported among the descendants of the more than 3,500 goats, pigs, mice, guinea pigs and rats exposed to the atom explosions at Bikini Atoll in July, 1946, although radiation killed about 15% of the total. Five thousand Bikini fish are being studied at the University of Washington in Seattle; many of them are still radioactive nearly three years after the explosion but there's no information about later generations.

The only positive evidence comes from plant tests. In a greenhouse on a six-acre farm near California's Santa Anita race track are rows of long tables displaying ears of corn grown from seeds placed carefully in moistureproof packages on Bikini battleships as far as 1,500 yards from the explosions. Dr. Ernest G. Anderson, California Institute of Technology biologist who has been harvesting the seeds, has a grim collection of plants with twisted stalks, shrunken kernels and bleached husks produced from irradiated seeds.

### Will Humans Change?

Geneticists are convinced that the Hiroshima bomb will affect coming human generations. It has been calculated that germ-cell exposure to 300 roentgens in 25 years would be enough to double the rate of spontaneous change of human genes (the cell particles which transmit inherited characteristics) — and thousands of people at Hiroshima and Nagasaki are alive today after receiving such doses in the bombs' first flashes. But few doctors believe there's much chance of obtaining direct proof in the form of statistically valid case reports on abnormal births.

For one thing, survivors who received significant amounts of radiation aren't expected to produce many children, perhaps no more than 12,000 in the next decade, and some changes would not show up for another generation after that. Moreover, many Japanese families still kill malformed babies, and there's little likelihood that medical records will ever be complete enough to provide meaningful facts.

Of course, Manhattan Project scientists regard the first two bombs as experimental model T's. The efficiency of the Hiroshima bomb is unknown — but it was small. The Nagasaki bomb with its plutonium charge was potentially twice as powerful. Recent U. S. Atomic Energy Commission reports reveal that, as might be expected, the two Bikini (1946) and three Eniwetok (April, May, 1948) test bombs have already advanced beyond the Nagasaki version.

No one is saying how much better — or worse — the new bombs are as far as radiation is concerned, but Dr. R. E. Lapp, of the U. S. War Department's general staff, has published some estimates based on the assumption that a bomb twice as powerful as the Nagasaki model is exploded 2,500 feet over a large city. These estimates, combined with medical figures previously released, add up to the following picture.

All persons exposed to the gamma rays from this superweapon and within a one-mile radius would receive doses of at least 800 roentgens, and 99% of them would die. Only half the people standing one mile to one and three quarter miles from "ground zero" would survive the radiation, which falls to a minimum of 400 roentgens in this second zone. Everyone in the third zone (one and three quarter miles to two and a half miles from the explosion centre) would get sick if exposed, but only 20% or less would perish because the radiation falls as low as 200 roentgens.

But the atom bomb has further unrevealed powers. The Hiroshima and Nagasaki explosions took place at heights of about 1,500 to 2,000 feet, and the vast pinkish-white clouds that billowed into the stratosphere were packed with radioactivity comparable in intensity to that of tons of radium.

American military leaders were reasonably sure that the Japanese would surrender in the near future, but supposing occupation hadn't been expected for months or longer? Supposing the bombs were to fall at the beginning rather than at the end of a war? Strategy might dictate the dropping of a bomb whose firing mechanism was set to cause an explosion at ground level, so that a large proportion of that pinkish-white cloud would have clung to the earth as a radioactive poison gas.

The atoms of such a gas could enter the body through the lungs and open wounds. In this case the gamma rays emitted from the gas would cause damage as well as the emanations of alpha and beta particles and neutrons. (Alpha particles are the nucleus or core of the helium atom, beta particles the electrons which revolve about this core.)

There's never been an attack of this sort. Mass internal radiation has not yet been tested. But the danger can be indicated by considering what happened at Bikini, where a bomb exploded just beneath the surface of the lagoon. The blast made a hole in the waters and sent a column containing 10 million tons of water to a peak height of nearly two miles. A vast cloud of spray settled at about 7,500 feet, and a radioactive rain poured down for 15 to 20 minutes; the cloud spread like an umbrella over an area of 18 square miles.

Of course, ocean currents carried the radioactive materials out into the open sea and diluted them to harmless concentrations. But what if an atom bomb exploded in Lake Ontario near Toronto? How much radioactive material would fall on the city and how long would its effects last? To make a guess at the answers to these questions, you can refer to published figures, which state that the splitting of 2.2 pounds of atomic explosives in the Hiroshima bomb produced about 20 million watts of radiation. That's equal to the radioactivity of 3,200,000 pounds of radium, most of which went up with the mushrooming cloud.

But for a Lake Ontario explosion, let's assume that half the radioactive material falls back to earth and half of *that is* actually distributed through the city's atmosphere, the rest dropping into the lake. That would still leave the equivalent of 800,000 pounds of radium contaminating an area of say eight square miles — or more than 156 pounds per acre (the internal radiation from about 35 billionths of an ounce of radium accumulated in the body is fatal).

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of this radioactive atom would fall to less than a tenth of its original value. In 10 days there'd be the equivalent of about 3,200 pounds of radium in the air, walls and streets; three to four months later the concentration would have dropped by a further factor of 16. Small areas, of course, would stay dangerously radioactive longer.

Some of the ships blasted at Bikini are still so hot (radioactive) today, nearly three years after exposure, that they're useless for anything but training men in decontamination work.

A harbor burst of this sort might make a vast area uninhabitable for weeks, but the full effects of blast and heat would be lost. Only military experts can judge whether it would be better to explode the bomb at or near ground level, thus increasing the radioactivity effects and reducing the total area destroyed.

What about the possibility of using radioactive substances as poison gases?

Every pound of uranium-235 or plutonium manufactured yields a pound of radioactive byproducts, and these might be delivered to a target in bombs or guided missiles, or poured into the stratosphere winds in an effort to contaminate distant cities. If such plans are being contemplated, there's no evidence aside from a few dubious "leaks" from closed-door U. S. Senate hearings. But at least one top-ranking physicist—Prof. P. M. S. Blackett of Manchester University in England (author of "Fear, War and the Bomb")—takes the threat of radioactive poisons seriously enough to remark that they might make "a weapon many times more powerful than the present atomic bombs."

Judging by open-air tests, it would be extremely difficult for a nation to test an atom bomb without other nations finding out about it. The bomb's telltale is the radioactive cloud which climbs into the stratosphere, is swept away by prevailing winds, and may make two or more circuits around the earth before it is completely dispersed.

Those clouds can be detected by sensitive Geiger counters and other instruments. The New Mexico test bomb spread its hot byproducts over an upper-atmosphere area as large as Australia, and two and a half days later nearly doubled the radioactivity of the air over Maryland 1,700 miles away. About 100 hours after Test Able at Bikini, University of California scientists announced a sharp rise in the overhead radioactivity at San Francisco 4,700 miles away.

Only hope for a nation to prevent potential enemies from learning about its tests is to explode bombs in isolated subterranean caves or deep beneath the water, when air-borne radioactivity would be greatly reduced or eliminated.

Meanwhile, the cold war goes on. More powerful bombs, radioactive clouds, secret tests—these are only a small part of it. President Truman's 1950 budget sets aside more than $210 millions for atomic weapons, a record figure. Canada spent $6 millions last year on nuclear research. And latest reports describe new construction on a giant underground uranium factory in Russia's Sungu Valley just across the Turkish-Iranian border.

Only by a full realization of the horrors of a "hot war"—for an atomic war could leave great sections of our cities as "hot" as the doomed ships of Bikini—can man avert what might be the final catastrophe of the western world. There is no real defense against the death rays locked in the atom. ★


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## The Man Who Stole Jack Benny

*Continued from page 8*

he wanted to the CBS network.

Paley next went after Bing Crosby of the ABC. He bought The Groaner for a piffling million dollars, representing a 25% investment in two Crosby corporations. Paley waived the CBS rule against recorded programs to allow Bing to transcribe his show.

NBC tried to shore up its crumbling redoubts by moving Red Skelton into Benny's vacant pew on Sunday night, according to the trade press. But Skelton's soap sponsor was said to have figured Skelton on Friday night would have more listeners than backing Jack Benny on Sunday. He said, "No soap." A few days later the same sponsor decided to put his boy Skelton on CBS next fall.

NBC's Edgar Bergen was next. He had announced his retirement from radio after this season. The next thing heard from the ventriloquist was that Charlie McCarthy was going to CBS next fall. Trade gossip had it that Bergen's first CBS shows will employ another ventriloquist as aide to Charlie, to demonstrate that Bergen, too, was peddling dramatic property. Bergen, the man, has always had an uphill fight against the personality of his dummy: now Charlie may have finally fired Bergen.

Ozzie and Harriet left NBC for CBS without financial inducement. They had been on the now-ruined Benny Sunday-night team. CBS announced that two more unnamed NBC shows had come over to play before and after Benny. The rumors flew that Paley was talking to every leading star still remaining outside. Lurid sums of money were being mentioned. The fact is that Paley hasn't spent a nickel since the Crosby deal; he doesn't have to—the talent is glad to get in free.

Paley is a six-footer with brown eyes, a full head of hair turning grey, and a warm direct manner. He dresses in a nonhucksterish array of white shirts, dark suits, conservative neckties, black shoes and beatup hats. He circulates easily among producers, writers, musicians, actors and painters.

His $50 million (estimate) fortune is generously available to such noncommercial enterprises as the Museum of Modern Art and the New York Philharmonic Society of which he is a director. His charitable contributions are placed by the Paley Foundation.

### Paley's a "Program Man"

He is the hardest worker in the CBS building on Madison Avenue, New York City, generally leaving his 20th-floor office after the help has gone. His black Cadillac is equipped with a mobile telephone, on which he receives a round of continental calls as he is driven to his estate at Manhasset, Long Island. The most important calls may be from MCA's Jules Stein and the flicker tycoon, David Selznick, producer of "Gone With the Wind." The Paley-Selznick conversations are a busy speculation in radio row, where it is thought they are planning Paley's next explosion—in television.

When the Cadillac reaches Manhasset it enters Paley's big estate, formerly the property of newspaper publisher Ralph Pulitzer. The Paley manor is somewhat smaller than the Blenheim layout of the Duke of Marl-

# Rust Ruins Radiators!

Ordinary radiator flush jobs remove only loose dirt and scale—do nothing to clean out rust or prevent it.

Rust can ruin the radiator, tie up the car for days. Here's how to protect your car against the risk of costly radiator repairs.

**1 CLEAN RUST OUT OF YOUR RADIATOR with C-I-L COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER**

Drain out your anti-freeze and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale and rust. Neglect now can mean trouble later. Just pour a can of C-I-L COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine and drain. It dissolves rust, cleans thoroughly, improves engine performance. It's safe, sure and easy to use.

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After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of C-I-L COOLING SYSTEM RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.

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# Oh! my aching back!

and for that stiff, tired arm, hip and leg

## Here's fast relief...

● Stiff as a board after overexercise? The *reason* those tired muscles hurt so may be that they're *famished*, you've burned up energy required for work! Help Nature ease the pain quick . . . rub those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr.!

This stimulates your local circulation, which in turn, enables fresh blood to bring fresh nourishment to areas where applied. It's grand how fast you limber up! Try it. Get Absorbine Jr. at any drugstore today. $1.25 a bottle.

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borough's, and contains Mrs. Paley, the former Barbara Cushing Mortimer, and their baby son, William Cushing Paley. She is one of the three beautiful daughters of the late distinguished brain surgeon, Dr. Harvey Cushing, of Boston. She married Paley five days after he was Reno-divorced by Dorothy Hart Paley in July, 1947. The new Mrs. Paley's sisters are married to Vincent Astor and John Hay "Jock" Whitney, who are lots richer than Wild Bill.

The place also shelters a leading private collection of contemporary French painting, a form of wealth Paley was among the first in the entertainment world to collect. Scattered among the objects of art are television sets, radio speakers and transcription turntables. The chairman of the board of CBS is the ideal radio listener. The boiler rooms of the Hooper Ratings call up 2,000 people an hour in 36 cities to find out who is listening to what, and find that only an average 40% are listening at all. If Hooper's interrogators should call a certain unlisted Manhasset number, they could improve the percentage. One hundred per cent of Paley's household listens to CBS.

The next day Paley memos shoot down from the 20th floor and permeate cubbyholes in the great CBS ant heap, giving shrewd Paley critiques on all kinds of shows. Paley sometimes rewrites radio scripts. CBS producers have stated that he usually improves them.

Paley is a "program man." In radio this means an executive who values the quality of the air stuff as much as its saleability. In network radio program men are almost as rare as executives who listen to the radio.

### Rich Boy Makes Good

Paley bought the puling 19-station Columbia network from Jules Louchheim in 1928 for a reported $1,500,000, earned from his family's cigar business in Philadelphia. The network, now with 167 outlets (eight in Canada), is still family-owned. As prime minister of a closely held enterprise, Paley can move with greater spryness than Trammell of NBC, who has to have mandates from his corporate parent, Radio Corporation of America. NBC was founded a year before CBS for the purpose of selling RCA radio sets. Paley got into the broadcasting business to sell time. This salient fact has colored the whole history of Paley and CBS, has set its high program standards and nurtured its crack staff of creative people who originate most leading shows.

Paley's life is the stirring epic of a boy who fought his way up from a million dollars. He was born in 1901 in a rich Chicago cigar-manufacturing family, the only son of Sam and Goldie Paley. He attended the Western Military Academy and, for one year, the University of Chicago, before the Paleys moved the cigar plant to Philadelphia to avoid labor troubles.

He completed his education at the University of Pennsylvania, spending his college vacations working in Cuban tobacco fields. He became advertising manager of the business.

In 1927, while young Bill was in Europe, Sam Paley made a move he soon regretted. He signed a $50,000 radio-advertising contract for 13 weeks on the newfangled CBS network, owned by friend Louchheim. The unconsulted advertising chief arrived home to find his parent holding his head in front of a Bakelite cornucopia from which poured a jumbled something called the "La Palina Smoker." Sam was paying his good money for it. Far from chiding his father, Bill Paley got excited about radio, and renewed the show for 13 more weeks. After 26 weeks La Palina cigar sales had increased 150%.

Bill Paley said later, "My imagination went wild over the possibilities of radio." He bought the network from Louchheim. "As wild as my imagination went, it didn't get wild enough to keep up with the realities of radio," the 27-year-old executive found. He took up the phone and performed the first of his amazing compositions on the instrument by signing up 27 new stations. CBS took off into the blue. Profits were increased 270% in the first year, 10% for each new station he talked into the web.

### Swift With Blue Chips

Then came the crash. (Sad music, professor.) But nobody went out the window at CBS. Paley quadrupled Columbia's income between 1929 and '35, the abysmal years of the depression. He passed NBC's Blue Network and began the long contest with NBC Red for first place in U. S. radio. Due to an antitrust decree 10 years ago, the Blue Network is now American Broadcasting Corporation and the Red is simply NBC.

As a headline-maker Paley often seems impetuous, when he is really calculating to fractions. His moves are always carefully and privately planned before the blow falls. The noisy hullabaloo and big money talk that surround his actions are the result of strategic surprise. The sage who said, "There is nothing as conservative as a million dollars," was no student of Paley. He moves the blue chips with the speed of an oil-rich Texan.

During the war Paley served two years in Europe as a radio propaganda chief. There he worked efficiently with Brigadier-General David Sarnoff, head of RCA, who will have to marshal NBC's counteroffensive against Paley's rocket attack.

In Paley's absence NBC came to dominate the big radio time, winning away top stars that had been nursed by Paley. Paley has lost plenty of tough decisions to NBC in a two-decade radio struggle. By the way, radio isn't just radio anymore—listeners better get ready for three sets of initials which now distinguish the various arms of broadcasting: AM, or amplitude modulation, is what we have had under the name of radio for 30 years; FM, or frequency modulation, is the newest means of broadcasting sound; and TV, or television, is FM sound, plus cathode pictures. We might have had a fourth monogram—CTV, if the Federal Communications Commission had not decided against licensing Paley's color television last year. He lost $2 millions invested in color when the NBC-fostered black-and-white system won out.

### CBS Starts to Move

Home from the war, Paley set about restoring his position. Two house-originated shows were nursed into the top ratings, a comedy piece called "My Friend Irma," and Arthur Godfrey, a former wake-up man, whose ubiquitous presence on CBS morning, noon and night grossed $6 millions in 1948.

Starting with two shows in Hooper's leading 15, Paley's raids have given CBS nine, three times as many winners as either NBC or ABC at the moment. The tide continues to run to CBS. When you read this Paley may have a dozen of the first 15.

Paley and RCA (NBC's parent company) are having another dingdong battle over long-playing phonograph records. Paley's Columbia Records

# a Red-Head tells a Blonde the Facts about Tampax

Alert to all things modern, this young titian-top has something to say on the subject of Tampax for monthly sanitary protection.

**RED-HEAD:** *Isn't Tampax marvelous—the way it takes the place of the whole belt-pin-pad contraption? Do you use it?*

**BLONDE:** I've been thinking very seriously about it and wondering whether I should.

**RED-HEAD:** *Millions of women use Tampax and are you any different from them?*

**BLONDE:** Tampax must be good to be so well liked. I'm converted.

**RED-HEAD:** *You'll be surprised at how* FREE *it makes you feel and how much it improves your morale at such times!*

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of surgical cotton compressed in applicators. In place, it is invisible and unfelt. No belts, pins or external pads. No bulges or ridges under dresses. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal. . . . Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug and notion counters. Month's supply fits into purse. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size wanted below.

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IN MONTREAL

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subsidiary brought out its LP Microgroove disc last summer. Twenty-seven minutes of continuous music is etched on a 10-inch record, played at 33⅓ revolutions per minute. Six months later RCA-Victor launched its long-play disc, turning at 45 r.p.m. Aside from paralyzing the mind of the record buyer, the LP battle seems to favor Paley decisively. He got the jump. His speed of 33⅓ r.p.m. is the one used on the transcription turntables in the 3,000-odd radio stations in North America, while Victor's LP platter requires completely new equipment to play.

Columbia Broadcasting's nearly 100 million radio listeners are slowly being converted to viewers as television rears its bubbly head. Paley has said almost nothing about television, except to point out depreciatingly that the million sets and 55 TV stations now operating in the U. S. are only one fortieth of radio's size. Some of his purchased funnymen will go into the cathode flickers next season, but there is no guarantee that Jack Benny or Amos 'n' Andy will succeed in the new medium. Television may repeat established stars as talking pictures did silent actors. It is still too early to tell.

### Squeeze on Stations

One of the experts on radio row who has analyzed Paley's brain wheels gave the following opinion. "Paley is convinced there is now room for only two of the four current networks. First, television is taking a terrific financial bite out of radio. Billings (radio jargon for air time sold to sponsors) are falling off. Television maybe won't completely capture the field for a long time, but old-line radio is going to be a peanut industry, carrying cheap shows or just broadcasting the sound part of television. One television station costs as much to operate as seven ordinary stations.

"Paley's sense of timing is what gets me. While everybody is over the barrel trying to change over to television, Paley has all the chips. The squeeze is terrific on stations. I think he's going to get a lot of them. He's after comedians, but he's after stations, too. NBC once had the best radio spots in the country. (NBC holds 170 outlets, including three Canadian.) I'd be willing to bet that Paley grabs two dozen of their best ones in a year, and he might sweep up three quarters of the future top television franchises in the country.

"Then watch out for Paley running wild in television. He's got the best sports stuff tied up already—Madison Square Garden and the Tournament of Champions for boxing, the Rose Bowl Game, the Dodgers. He's got the top-draw comics. He has Arthur Godfrey and the best dramatic continuity in television, the Goldbergs.

"When Hollywood sniffs big money and the picture studios move into television—David Selznick will be ready for CBS. Paley is breaking the bank."

Paley isn't talking. After he stood radio on its head, he disappeared into the West Indies for a spell in the sun. His office was empty, but radio row knew his brain wouldn't be idle. The radio riot he created goes merrily on; it was calculated to run automatically after Benny and Crosby were in the sack. It has.

All over the U. S. towers are going up to fulfill the 123 television licenses that have been issued. In Canada, things might be moving next year. Tanning himself on the Jamaican sands, Wild Bill Paley may have blueprinted the design of the television revolution. ★

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only

WHY DOES HE TURN HIS BACK ON HIS WIFE'S TEARS?

A. Because she has neglected one precaution, often of major importance to intimate marital happiness.

Q. What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?

A. The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?

A. Because soap, like soda or salt, is an old-fashioned makeshift that cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Destroys the source of objectionable odours . . . kills germs on contact.

Q. Do many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?

A. Three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined! Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. No greasy after-effect. Use it as often as you want.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol". Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective!

Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-irritant to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"!

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession . . . and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant Every time

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. M., Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

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# Westinghouse *gives you* Safety for You and Your Clothes

We asked hundreds of users, "What do you like most about your Westinghouse Washer?" And in almost every case "*safety*" rated high in the list of preferences. There's the Feathertouch Wringer, for example, with its instant, unfailing safety release. There's the *Sentinel of Safety* that protects the motor, ends "blown" fuses and provides a shock-proof "on-off" switch that is safe even for wet hands. And there's the famous "Cushioned Action" Bakelite gyrator that washes clothes really clean, *without wear*. For a washer that's safe for you and your clothes, see your Westinghouse dealer. Model illustrated, $159.50. With Pump, $174.50. With Gas Engine, $209.50.

*Price subject to change*

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA


## The Little Red Sweatshop

*Continued from page 9*

year ago (and the situation has not improved materially since) 21,658 pupils in Alberta and Saskatchewan alone were taking correspondence-school courses. In Alberta there are hundreds of so-called teachers who are known to the profession as "sitters" because their job is merely to sit and supervise.

The irony of the situation is that almost everyone, from Cabinet ministers down, agrees the teacher is underpaid and that his importance to society can not be overrated. But no one does anything about it.

Tired of pats on the back and wanting more money in their pockets, the teachers of Penticton, B.C., spoke for teachers all across Canada when they told their local school board in January:

"For too many years, now, the teacher has been listening to eulogies of himself . . . The teacher has been praised from every corner of the land, but in spite of this he finds he has to haggle and bargain for sufficient means to provide a standard of living far below that enjoyed by others with much less training and with less responsible positions."

What the Penticton teachers wanted was less applesauce and more pork chops. Drayton's Harold Petch is less bitter: he merely expresses a wish he could afford more of both. He doesn't complain—nor does he blame the Drayton School Board which is doing its best, he says.

The Petchs live in an ageing eight-room house they have rented since 1932. Rent and utilities cost Petch about $460 last year, food more than $600. He spent about $150 on entertainment, $50 on Joy's music lessons. Income tax was $117. He gave $160 to his church and charities. He's thankful he had no medical bills. Dentistry cost them $80. Some money was invested in the future: $409 for insurance and $94 in his superannuation fund.

### Varsity Was a Grind

Petch's first teaching job, at Florence, Ont., paid $1,300. He came to Drayton Composite school 18 years ago at $1,500, in the depth of the depression was cut to $1,400. When he returned from the RCAF in 1945 his salary was $1,750, gradually climbed to $2,600. Under Drayton's present salary schedule he can count on a $150 annual raise until he reaches the $3,300 maximum.

Petch's qualifications are good. He spent a year at Toronto Normal, has a B.A. from Queen's and holds three special certificates: physical education, agriculture and secondary - school assistant's certificate.

All these, except his Normal training, were obtained the hard way: by spending 10 of his annual vacations at summer school. It took him six summers of actual study and an "iron constitution" to get his B.A. Several summers he had to interrupt his university work to mark papers or work in the woods to finance the next year's tuition.

Most country schools haven't a patch on Petch's. Many are little more than dingy shacks while Drayton Composite is pin-new, bright, modernly designed and equipped. Enrollment in each of the school's two sections, public and high, is about 80. The public school has two teachers, the high school four and two part-time teachers.

Petch works considerably more than a 40-hour week, is mildly amused by laymen who envy the schoolteacher's "easy hours." "If teachers were only paid overtime," says Mrs. Petch wist-


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**Wear it pridefully . . .**

There's a tang of Scottish Mountain air in Harris Tweed that tills the expatriate Scot with nostalgia. Its tones and hues reflect the mists, the heather and the skies of the Outer Hebrides. In those isles the Crofters weave Harris Tweed on *hand looms* from virgin Scottish Wool.

*Look for the mark on the cloth*
*Look for the label on the garment*

**HARRIS TWEED**

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articles of clothing and laundry these days—so take the simplest method of protecting everything by marking with CASH'S NAMES.

Quickly sewn on, or attached with NO-SO CEMENT. Washable and permanent. Order from dealer—or direct

CASH'S— 79 Grier St., Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES: 3 doz. $1.65 · 6 doz. $2.75 · NO-SO CEMENT · 6 doz. $2.25 · 12 doz. $3.50 · per tube 25¢

fully. (She was a schoolteacher, earning $1,000 a year in St. Jacob's, Ont., when she married her principal.)

Petch usually leaves home around 8.30 a.m., seldom returns before 5 or 5.30. Classroom work is the most important but not the only phase of his duties. In the fall he spends many hours preparing for the Drayton and District School Fair in which 22 schools participate. Many afternoons he stays late coaching students, directing plays, preparing his courses, keeping records up-to-date. Once every fifth week he supervises the program for the school's general assembly. Many a night, especially when there are exam papers to mark, he takes a stack of work home.

He teaches mathematics, history and English and some citizenship and health to grades nine to 13, inclusive. Though he teaches citizenship, Petch has not full citizen's rights himself. Ontario teachers can not hold elected public office.

Petch helped organize, and is now secretary of the Drayton Athletic Association which sponsors the town's major sports—tennis, curling, baseball, hockey and lawn bowling. He judges fruit exhibits at the Drayton Fall Fair, helps with the prize list.

Drayton's public library is considered one of the finest of its kind in Ontario; Petch is chairman of the board. He holds three offices in various organizations of Drayton United Church, has taught Sunday school as well.

### Back to Army for Cash

Most country teachers don't sink their roots as deeply as Petch has sunk his; after a year or two of experience in the country they head for the cities where the pay is a little higher.

Andrew (Andy) Sinclair, 27, a health and science teacher at Harbord Collegiate, Toronto, is typical of many who serve their apprenticeship in the country.

Sinclair, now in his third year of teaching, went into debt in 1946 in Walkerton, Ont. (pop. 2,700), when he took his first school position. He began at $1,800 and $20 a month cost-of-living bonus, was boosted to $2,100 at Christmas. Father of two children—Sharon Lynn, six, and Thomas, four—he had housing troubles, became desperate one week end and almost rejoined the Army in which he had served as a lieutenant.

In the summer Sinclair earned $41.40 a week as production chaser on the assembly line at the Massey-Harris plant in Toronto. The job required no specialized education; the pay was exactly the same as his teacher's salary.

The next fall, 1947, Sinclair headed for Toronto and Harbord, landed a position at $2,300, reached $2,500 that Christmas and $2,700 at the beginning of 1949. This is $51.92 a week. In August, 1948, the Workers' Educational Association reported, after a thorough survey, that $72.98 a week is required to provide an adequate standard of living for a Toronto family of four.

The Sinclairs scrape by, but just. He has bought only one new suit since before the war, can't afford a car, a telephone or insurance on his family, though he has some on himself. He packs his lunch, can't buy all the milk he'd like to for his growing children. This summer he intends rejoining the Army for two months, will draw lieutenant's pay and allowances.

He has built his own house, valued at $8,000, under NHA. To raise the $2,500 down payment he borrowed $1,000 from the bank, the rest from the Provincial Government. Exclusive of bank-loan payments, the house costs him $49 monthly; it will be his in 20 years.

Sinclair holds a B.S.A. from the Ontario Agricultural College, spent a year at the Ontario College of Education, has specialist's certificates in agricultural science, physical education and health. He would like to obtain his master's degree and Ph.D., but can't afford to spend his summers on them. In 10 years he'll be eligible for a year's leave with his tuition paid. "By then," he says, "I may have lost my initiative."

During a single school term, Sinclair estimates, he spends about 185 hours on extracurricular work. On a 40-hour week basis this is four and a half weeks, or a large chunk out of his summer vacation. This does not include marking papers or the many hours spent at home preparing lessons. He coaches basketball and rugby, refereed hockey. Last rugby season it was usually 7.30 before he sat down to a warmed-over dinner. In summer he devotes a good deal of time to revising his courses. "No good teacher is satisfied to teach the same course year after year without improving on it," he says.

Sinclair, like Petch, is better off than thousands of other teachers. The 1947 average provincial salaries were: P.E.I., $816; New Brunswick, $977; Nova Scotia, $1,241; Saskatchewan, $1,265; Manitoba, $1,394; Ontario, $1,514; Alberta, $1,546; and British Columbia, $2,042.

Quebec does not report its teachers' salaries to Ottawa, but they are notoriously low. Even today the average rural salary in Quebec is $900 for Catholic teachers and $1,065 for Protestant teachers, according to the Canadian Education Association.

True, teachers' salaries have risen since 1947, but soaring ahead of them, say teachers, have been living costs. In May, 1948, the C.E.A. observed that "in spite of salary increases . . . teachers are not as well off as they were in 1939."

Teachers feel their services are as valuable as those of other professional men and that their earnings should reflect this. They don't, of course. In 1946, according to Government income-tax statistics, doctors earned, on an average, $7,466; lawyers, $6,528; architects, $5,984; and dentists, $5,289. The average for all taxpayers was $2,044. Urban teachers averaged $1,906 and rural teachers $1,181.

### They're Quitting School

The teachers' averages are, in fact, higher than the average teacher's salary, for many did not earn enough to be taxable. In P.E.I., for instance, only 40 teachers earned enough to be taxable.

Summerside, P.E.I. (pop. 5,000), provides a striking example of teachers' earnings compared to the average Canadian's income. In 1946 the average taxable income in Summerside was $2,292, the highest for any Canadian town or city. Yet, in 1947-48, teachers in Summerside earned, on an average, only $1,362. James R. Murphy, a highly qualified Summerside high-school teacher and a former school inspector, earns only $1,850 today.

Fed up with leading lives of genteel poverty, thousands of teachers are leaving the classrooms for more lucrative fields. Of the 60,000 teachers trained in Canada in the last 10 years only 40% are still teaching.

Many turned their back on teaching after war service. Says A. E. Kress, RCAF veteran, 10 years a teacher at Humberside Collegiate, Toronto, now in the office-furniture business: "I


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It's a grand and glorious feeling—the peace of mind you enjoy when you own a Westinghouse True-Temp Refrigerator. Day after day—year in and year out—Westinghouse "True-Temp" safeguards your food, quietly and unfailingly.

Its current-saving Economiser mechanism is precision-engineered, hermetically sealed in steel, protected by the exclusive "Built-in Watchman." Its cabinet is of fine drawn steel, welded into a single unit and insulated with ageless, indestructible Fibreglas. And its True-Temp Cold Control provides the most accurate and steady food-compartment temperature ever achieved. Model illustrated, $369.00. Other models from $298.00.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

# When baby's crankiness means "Childhood Constipation"

## ...give gentle Castoria!

*"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."*

WHEN your child is cross and that crankiness comes from "Childhood Constipation" ... it's wise to know what to do. Give her *Castoria*.

**Thorough and effective**—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

**Made especially for children**—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

**So pleasant-tasting**—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

***Get Castoria today** at your neighborhood drugstore.* Be sure to ask for the laxative made *especially* for children.

Economize! Get the *money-saving* Family Size bottle.

# CASTORIA

**The SAFE laxative made especially for children**


have five children. If I had stayed with teaching I'd be out on the street now with a tin cup."

Lack of job security is another factor in the teacher shortage. Comments Gerald Eamer, secretary, Saskatchewan Teachers' Federation: "Teachers have ceased to kid themselves they have any security. They haven't. There is an open season the 30th of June and teachers can simply be let out . . . without any redress whatever."

In P.E.I. contracts are signed for only a year, can be revoked on three months' notice.

In rural districts living conditions are bad, sometimes shocking; the schools are often dilapidated and poorly equipped; busybodies often pry into the teacher's personal life, frown on his smoking, playing cards or taking a social drink in his off hours.

Often, especially on the Prairies, the teacher is provided with a teacherage which is usually a one- or two-room shack. Recently the Saskatchewan Teachers' Federation had to deal with a complaint from a teacher in the Sokal school district, near Wakaw, that the teacherage was dilapidated and rat-infested. The school walls were encrusted with dirt, had not been washed in at least six years, the teacher complained.

### Failures Can Teach

In Quebec—where Catholic teachers' salaries are sometimes as low as $600 and sometimes hard to collect—about 500 trained male teachers and 1,000 women on the lists of the Catholic Teachers' Employment Office are working at other jobs.

G. W. C. Ginn, executive secretary, Quebec Protestant Teachers' Association, claims that a few Quebec school boards deliberately delay advertising for a teacher until they are certain all the available teachers have been hired. Then they may hire an unqualified permit teacher at a low salary. (A few Protestant teachers in Quebec earn only $700 to $800.)

These hardships have resulted in a shortage of teachers and a constant lowering of qualifications. The end result is less tangible and more dangerous: second-rate education.

What can we expect, asks the Canadian Teachers' Federation, when one out of every 10 persons teaching in Canada holds only a permit or a temporary certificate; when in Ontario (by no means the worst province) 85 persons who have failed at Normal School have teaching jobs?

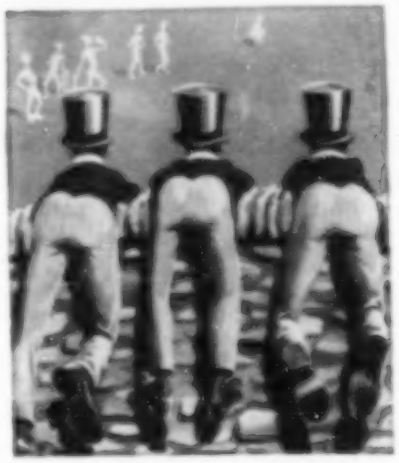
Concludes the C.E.A.'s famous *LaZerte Report*: "It is unreasonable to assume that more than a minority of Canadian children are receiving or can receive a suitable education under existing conditions."

Dr. M. E. LaZerte, Dean of Education at the University of Alberta, who headed a committee to study the status of the Canadian teacher, had this to say when this reporter asked him about teachers' salaries:

"In the last 30 years the schools have failed to keep pace with the society they serve. Teaching as a profession has become unattractive. Salaries, living and working conditions of teachers, school buildings and equipment are all much as they were decades ago. The schools, and education, suffer."

Who is suffering most? The children in the rural areas. Equality of opportunity in education simply doesn't exist. Rural children are taught by teachers who are paid only $1,207 (1947 national average) while city children are taught by teachers paid an average of $2,120. The rural teacher is

**A New Approach to British Humor**



Ex-chief for Disney, David Hand, has been in Britain for years creating another kind of film industry, inventing equipment, training artists and emerging now with a series of short color cartoons as unusual as the old-world Buckinghamshire village where the studio is located.

★ ★ ★

The facts of animal life whether these involve the house-cat, a lion or an elderly ostrich are given fancy treatments in animated color and caricature. The resulting series, ANIMALAND, is rib-tickling rather than raucous but as refreshing as spring weather.

★ ★ ★

If the British Commonwealth has a Donald Duck type, he or she should eventually appear out of David Hand's celluloid zoo.

★ ★ ★

Completely new in tempo and technique is the MAGIC PAINTBOX series of 10-minute motion pictures. These are musicals,—good musicals with good music. They are also travelogues. They could have been created by a renowned landscape painter with a sense of humor, trying to amuse himself to the limit of his talent while on tour with a church choir. The first two titles: Wales; The River Thames.

★ ★ ★

Seriously, among the short-subject trimmings which can make a good film program into a great one, THIS MODERN AGE series is now established as outstanding.

★ ★ ★

In view of Alberta's advances, a new one, STRUGGLE FOR OIL, is doubly timely since it tells frankly why, today, oil is an explosive commodity in an explosive world.

★ ★ ★

HARVEST FROM THE WILDERNESS reports on a mammoth scheme to grow ground-nuts in Africa, intriguing here because much of the equipment was Canadian-made and because still one more hot controversy is involved,—the margarine argument.

★ ★ ★

**For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.**

*An* EAGLE-LION *Release*

a transient who changes schools every two years or less (against a 10-year average tenure for city teachers) and gets his experience at the expense of country children.

British Columbia pays the highest salaries and has the highest percentage (31%) of university-trained teachers. Prince Edward Island has the lowest average salary and the lowest (2%) of university-trained teachers. The Army found that its most poorly educated recruits came from rural areas in the Maritimes.

What must be done? Dr. LaZerte plugs for a two- or three-year program of teacher education, and says that school boards must pay salaries proportional to the time and energy spent on training and to the quality of the teachers' work.

### Seeking Federal Aid

Which must be raised first, standards or salaries?

"If standards were raised before salaries thousands of schools would remain closed," says Dr. LaZerte. "It appears wise to raise salaries and then demand higher standards all along the line."

Who is going to foot the bill? The Canadian Teachers' Federation, representing 55,000 teachers, contends the Federal Government must help the provinces finance education and has made federal aid its number one objective. At the same time, the C.T.F. insists that the Federal Government must not infringe upon provincial autonomy in education.

Federal grants, the C.T.F. thinks, should be on a per pupil capita basis, should be contingent on the provinces not reducing their own education expenditure, and should be earmarked specifically for education.

The C.T.F. has lined up broad support for its federal-aid campaign. It has been endorsed by the CCF, the Progressive Conservatives, both national labor congresses, Canadian School Trustees' Association and Canadian Federation of Home and School. Many government members have also spoken in favor of federal aid.

But Quebec is against it; Quebec M.P.'s fear an invasion of provincial rights.

This month, as teachers gather throughout Canada for their annual provincial conventions, the whole problem is bound to be aired again. We can expect the teachers to be more militant than ever. They are already restless. In B. C. the teachers have affiliated with the Trades and Labor Congress (AFL). B. C. teachers have the right to negotiate with school boards, while in most other provinces the teachers merely present a brief on salaries, and hope the board will give it consideration. B. C. teachers also have security: They can be fired only for gross immorality or gross incompetency, which must be proven.

In Montreal in January schoolteachers showed they are capable of striking. While Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis roared about the "revolutionary mentality" of Leo Guindon, the strike leader, 1,700 Catholic lay teachers walked out of 54 schools—and stayed out a week. By arbitration the teachers had been awarded elementary school maximums of $3,200 for men, $2,500 for women, but the Catholic School Commission, appointed by Duplessis and Archbishop Charbonneau, cut the award by $100. The teachers went out, demanding maximums of $3,500, and $2,500.

They went back when the Archbishop promised to help negotiate a settlement. Guindon's assistant, Leonard Turcotte, says, "We'll go out again rather than accept a cent less than we demand."

While we go on spending only two per cent of our national income on education, men like Harold Petch and Andrew Sinclair, and their children and our own, are being left to foot the rest of the bill. The Sinclairs and Petchs pay in a lower standard of living for their families; the price to our children will be toted up in years to come. ★

## Smog

*Continued from page 16*

soft-coal burners were letting $1 million worth of coal fly out their chimneys every year (at present prices, close to $2 millions).

But this is only half of smoke's pedigree. Coal used in Canada averages 1½% sulphur and when sulphur burns it becomes sulphur trioxide, a gas which unites with moisture in the air to become minute droplets of sulphuric acid (according to the Ontario Research Foundation 45 tons of acid for every 1,000 tons of coal burned).

Sulphuric acid, mixed with coal tars which make the acids stick wherever they fall, corrodes metals, paints and practically all building stones, withers vegetation and rots fabrics. A Toronto minister, once a missionary, has reported that shirts which lasted him five years in India are threadbare rags after two years in Toronto.

Smoke also contains large amounts of invisible ash particles, sharp-edged grains of silica and a host of other chemicals—nitric acid, hydrochloric acid, chlorine, ammonia and fluorine—all of them deadly when sufficiently concentrated.

If this stuff can crumble skyscrapers, what is it doing to delicate lungs? In a city like Toronto, on a quiet humid day when this aerial debris is not being dispersed, an authority estimates that the average person inhales in 24 hours about 500 billion minute particles of soot, coal tar and ash, enough sulphur gas and carbon monoxide to kill him three or four times over if he got it all in one hour instead of in 24, and about eight billion particles of traffic by-products like tire rubber, asphalt, stone, glass and dried horse manure.

Fortunately, only a small percentage of this floating garbage remains in our lungs; but what does, remains for life.

### Are Your Lungs Clean?

Dr. Eugene Poitevin, chief mineralogist in the Dominion Department of Mines and Resources, has spent almost 20 years analyzing the dust deposits in human respiratory organs, and he says a person's life history is written in the dust, color and texture of his lungs. "I can tell you what a man has done for a living, usually where he has done it, if I get a lung sample after he dies," he says. "The method is so certain it could be used for legal identification in accident cases."

The lifelong rural resident carries to his grave lungs as clean, smooth and pink as a baby's cheek, the city dweller's are blackened and crusted by soot.

Dirty lungs alone do not cause illness. But the deposits block and scar the minute channels through which oxygen is absorbed by the blood, making the heart work overtime to pick up the required oxygen and leaving the tissues less resistant to bacteria.

In 1933 Pittsburgh, Boston, Baltimore and St. Louis, then the four


# Are you in the know?

**What would you do in this situation?**

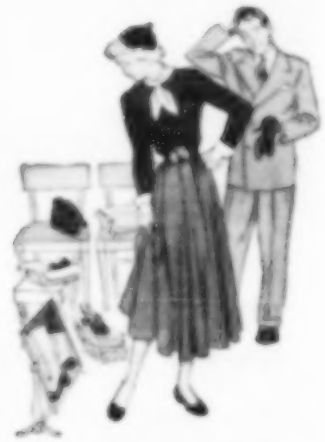
☐ Smile and Switch ☐ Keep on dancing ☐ Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your bookings—switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud! You'll find the new Kotex has downy *softness that holds its shape* for hours! Yes, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it—dance after dance, you'll stay comfortable. (And so wonderfully self-assured!)

**For the lowdown on that N.M.I.T.—**

☐ Read his palm
☐ Pry into his past
☐ Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't help you, but you can depend on (guess who?)—your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, depend on *Kotex*—to prevent revealing outlines. The special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell! And that exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.



**Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?**

☐ Shell pumps
☐ Buckles n' bows
☐ Dark hued shoes

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big silver or cut steel buckles or soft perky bows—to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for you is important—and so (on certain days) is your choice of Kotex absorbencies. Try *all* 3: Regular, Junior, Super—see which answers your own needs best.

*More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins*

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days. Send your name and address to Canadian Celluloseum Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 1402, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

**KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER**

# Happy Birthday to You...

## and a new MAGIC cake they'll really sing over!

New birthdays coming up . . . and a wonderful new MAGIC birthday cake to thrill the party! Glamorous—yet easy to make and fix. And so perfectly *baked*, the sure Magic way! Featherylight, flawless in texture, and above all, rapturous flavour!

Yes, for uniformly fine baking results it pays to depend on Magic Baking Powder. *Costs less than 1¢ per average baking.* Safeguards more costly ingredients. Always keep Magic on hand!

**MAGIC BIRTHDAY CAKE**

3 cups sifted pastry flour
or 2½ cups sifted hard-wheat flour
4 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
¾ tsp. salt
6 tbsps. shortening
6 tbsps. butter or margarine
1½ cups granulated sugar
4 eggs, well beaten
1½ tsps. grated orange rind
1¼ cups milk
1½ tsps. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening and butter or margarine together; gradually blend in sugar. Add beaten eggs, part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in orange rind. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into one 7" and one 9" round cake pan, 1½" deep, which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper—if pans are shallow, line sides with a "collar" of greased heavy paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 35 to 45 minutes, depending upon size of cake. Cover and decorate cold cake with butter icing—tinted to match candles, for filling and lower layer.

smokiest U. S. cities, ranked first, second, fourth and fifth in pneumonia deaths. (New Orleans, No. 3, was well down on the air-pollution scale but had a high pneumonia-susceptible Negro population.)

In laboratories researchers are producing experimental cancers on mice simply by rubbing any one of several chemicals on a spot of bare skin. Practically every one of those chemicals is a derivative of coal tar.

Smog irritation causes many of our eye and sinus troubles, headaches, asthma, and may be a contributory cause in rheumatic fever. Germs that can travel only a few feet through clear air hitchhike miles on soot particles, and the smoke pall overhead is an umbrella protecting them from their greatest enemy—the sun's ultra-violet rays.

Ultra-violet rays, which kill bacteria and produce vitamin D in the human skin, are knocked out first by smog because they are shortest and most easily deflected. Nutritionists say the ultra-violet light reaching city streets is practically nil. As a result the city child has to get his vitamin D out of a cod-liver oil bottle.

### Smog Can Be Stopped

The average person takes into his body three quarts of food and drink daily and a whopping 10,000 to 12,000 quarts of whatever atmosphere happens to be around. We spend millions to assure that our food and drink are pure, but ignore the filth in the life-giving air that shuttles in and out our lungs 30,000 times a day.

Most of our smog is avoidable; it's cheaper to get rid of smoke than tolerate it. Several U. S. cities have proved that science can cut smoke to a dribble. Outstanding examples are Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Hudson County, N.J. They have done it by training boilermen in methods of smokeless firing, by demanding they use a coal suitable for their furnaces and by insisting that outmoded furnaces be replaced.

Chief smoke inspector John Neilson, Toronto, recently investigated a factory fogging the neighborhood with smoke blacker than a pickaninny's ears. He found the coal suitable, and automatic stokers of a type that should eliminate most smoke. (Stokers force coal into furnaces from beneath so that gases must pass up through the fire and burn instead of escaping.) Neilson couldn't explain the smoke. Then, when leaving, he noticed a fireman shoveling coal onto the top of the fire. The mystery was solved.

The furnace was too small to maintain the required steam pressure unless forced with overfire stoking, a practice which invariably creates smoke. Neilson found the management aware of the trouble, but to economize they were making the old equipment do, and turning a deaf ear to the complaints of smoke-smothered neighbors. Neilson told them the fuel wasted would pay for a new furnace in about four years. Today that new furnace is being installed.

An army of glib promoters is selling a host of smoke-eating devices which, so they claim, will squeeze every smoke particle out of a chimney.

Not all the gadgets are fakes. One type, proved effective on locomotives and factory furnaces, consists of pressure jets which force extra air over the fire. This permits complete combustion, reduces smoke and cuts fuel consumption. But the jets do nothing to control the noncombustible sulphur trioxide, ash and silica.

The Cottrell precipitator, however, a piece of electronic wizardry, sits in a stack and plucks out dust and fumes like a swallow catching gnats. It has a gridwork of electrified wires shooting off electrons toward surrounding metal plates. The electrons ionize molecules of smoke and fumes and carry them to the plates where they adhere. Periodically the plates are removed and cleaned.

The precipitator not only eliminates smoke, it also recovers thousands of dollars worth of byproducts which previously shot out the chimneys.

Trail, B.C., a famous name in the story of Canada's smoky skies, has turned its health-sabotaging smoke into a valuable asset. Twenty years ago sulphur fumes from Trail's smelters eddied down the Columbia Valley into Washington State, 11 miles away, and caused such devastation that farmers were put out of business. Grain fields withered, many areas couldn't even produce cattle pasture. Farmers complained to the U. S. Government. Uncle Sam complained to Ottawa, a bitter little international incident developed and the International Joint Commission investigated. The Trail company (Consolidated Mining and Smelting) paid $350,000 damages, then started looking to its chimneys.

Today 95% of Trail's sulphur fumes are captured in the stacks to produce ammonium sulphate which fetches a good price from fertilizer and explosive industries. The company is reputed to make more today from the wastes which once devastated farmlands than from its original smelting products.

Several Canadian cement mills use Cottrells to recover tons of cement which used to go out with smoke. And the U. S. assay office on Wall Street mines 250 ounces of gold from every ton of soot and dust caught in its big stack.

C. E. Baltzer, combustion engineer in the Bureau of Mines, Ottawa, says: "Unfortunately, Canadian smoke control, like the smoke itself, is still very much up in the air." But Canada is at least starting to sink its teeth into its smoke problem.

Municipalities starting to go after their smokemakers include Vancouver, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, North Bay, Windsor, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Halifax.

### Smog Paints Town Red

Toronto is making the biggest struggle, not without reason, since a few years back it was listed by the Smoke Prevention Association of America as "one of the four or five smokiest cities in North America," and in the meantime it has moved up a notch or two because Pittsburgh and St. Louis are out of the running. Toronto recently dug out its 1915 antismoke bylaw and rewrote it, closing loopholes. It isn't law yet, but may be before you read this.

Vancouver has had a smoke law of sorts since 1929, but sawmills continued merrily belching smoke as they stoked their furnaces with softwood waste. Not until last year did Vancouver's smoke suppression campaign start getting places.

Several years ago the city hired perky little (five-foot-five) John MacGregor as smoke inspector. MacGregor would sit at the window of his sixth-floor office in the hilltop city hall and when he spotted a too black cloud of smoke he would phone the offender. But Vancouver's smoke law had as many loopholes as a crochet tablecloth.

Two years ago Vancouver's down-with-smoke crusade picked up momentum. The Vancouver Sun cited a 1935 survey which revealed seven to nine tons of soot being belched daily into

Vancouver skies. The city council started to move and now Vancouver's skies are growing clearer.

In Montreal 15 years of campaigning have produced little success. A smoke-abatement committee has amendments to Montreal's rather ineffective smoke bylaw now going through the legislative mill. Centre of attack is grimy west-end St. Henri ward, whose smoke made literary history in Gabrielle Roy's "Tin Flute."

Hamilton is putting pressure on its big foundries to install smoke-eliminating equipment; Windsor, in co-operation with Detroit, has got passing steamships to cut their smoke; Ottawa used a junior board of trade poster contest to draw attention to its smoke damage; Winnipeg's sanitation inspector Fred C. Austin periodically hauls a smoke offender into court.

New Toronto sees red, figuratively and literally, when every once in a while its pigment-factory chimney coats streets with orange dust, and delegations of shouting citizens stamp before town council. Halifax, which has squawked loud and long against locomotive smoke, now has the railways using four smokeless Diesel growlers in the city yards.

*It is still a feeble effort, but it's a start.*

And in the meantime authorities warn that there are at least a dozen industrialized centres in Canada where, under the right atmospheric conditions, another Donora tragedy could strike any day. ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

*Continued from page 14*

and the Progressive Conservative party. The price: settlement of the Ontario separate-school problem to the satisfaction of French - Canadian Catholics in Ontario. The terms: cash—before the federal election.

No public promises were made, but many French Canadians believe, rightly or wrongly, that before the provincial election in June Premier Drew had privately engaged himself to give French Canadians what they want in Ontario schools — more money, through a share in corporation school taxes, and the present bilingual school system left as it is.

It was in the belief that Mr. Drew was for these things too, they say, that the six French-Canadian ridings of Ontario voted for him.

Now, of course, Mr. Drew no longer has any responsibility for Ontario educational policy. But French Canadians appear to be holding him to account for the concessions they expected from him as Premier of Ontario.

The matter came to a head in Ottawa last month when a delegation from the French-Canadian Educational Society called on Georges Heon and Renaud Chapdelaine, the two French-speaking M.P.'s in the Progressive Conservative group.

As Heon told the story later, the delegates asked, "Do you support our cause?"

Heon and Chapdelaine answered, "Yes."

"How far would you go in supporting it?"

"To this point," said Heon, "that we could not and would not support any political party that would not treat Franco-Ontarians with fair play and justice."

No reporters were present at the interview but one of the delegates was the editor of a French-Canadian paper. According to a front-page story in his newspaper next day, Heon and Chapdelaine "formally engaged themselves to obtain justice for the French Canadians and Catholics of Ontario in the settlement of the school question; if they fail, they are resolved to withdraw their support from Mr. Drew and the party of the official opposition."

Whether or not the two M.P.'s went quite that far, the incident has put the PC party on a hot spot.

Four years ago the Drew government named a royal commission, headed by Mr. Justice Hope, to study and recommend policy on the whole educational field. As this is written the Hope Commission has not yet reported.

However, there is a rumor very widely believed among French Canadians that the Hope report will be unfavorable to them. They understand it will recommend a drastic restriction on separate-school education—limitation of the Catholic schools to the six grades, with junior high schools and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135C

Enjoyed The World Over!



Sweet 'n tasty!

it's a sure-fire winner!

A festive touch for any meal—this delectable Swedish Tea Ring—richly spiced with cinnamon and currants. The family will pronounce you "best cook ever"—if you make it with modern Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—you'll be thrilled with this amazing new yeast which gives you the fast action of *fresh* yeast—yet keeps full-strength in the cupboard for weeks!

Nothing like Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast for tasty buns, rolls, dessert breads. Get several packages at your grocer's today.

SWEDISH TEA RING

New Time-Saving Recipe—Makes 2 Rings

Measure into large bowl . . . **2/3 cup lukewarm water,**
**1 tablespoon granulated sugar**
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of . . . **3 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.**
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald . . . **2/3 cup milk.**
Remove from heat and stir in . . . **½ cup granulated sugar,**
**1¼ teaspoon salt,**
**6 tablespoons shortening.**
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.
Stir in . . . . **3 eggs, well beaten**
Stir in . . . **3 cups once-sifted bread flour** and beat until smooth.
Work in an additional . . . **3 cups once-sifted bread flour.** Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into a ¼-inch thick oblong. Cream until soft . . . **½ cup butter,** and mix in . . .
**1 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down),**
**2 teaspoons ground cinnamon.**
Spread this mixture on oblongs of dough and sprinkle with . . . **1 cup raisins or currants.**
Beginning at a long edge, roll each piece up like a jelly roll; place each roll on a greased large baking sheet and shape into a ring, sealing ends together. Grease tops. Cut 1-inch slices almost through to centre with scissors and turn each slice partly on its side. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Brush with 1 egg yolk beaten with 2 tablespoons milk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes.
If desired, spread tops, while warm, with a plain icing. Serve hot, with butter.

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- The right size to park easily.

The Standard VANGUARD is manufactured by the Standard Motor Company Ltd., one of England's oldest and largest automotive manufacturers. Three plants at Banner Lane, Fletchamstead and Canley comprise over 300 acres of buildings, the most modern precision machinery and employ over 12,000 skilled workers. Standard Cars are sold and serviced in 76 countries throughout the world.

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**SALES AND SERVICE COAST TO COAST**


high schools common to all religious faiths. Even the hint of such action has stirred up loud opposition in French Canada.

Three days after the delegation visited Heon and Chapdelaine, the powerful *L'Action Catholique* discussed the matter in a front-page editorial signed by its editor-in-chief, Louis Philippe Roy.

"Mr. Drew and his supporters should know that the Quebec electorate will not remain indifferent to the attitude they take in this matter," said *L'Action Catholique*.

"The ex-Premier of Ontario promised to settle this question according to right and justice. If the same sentiments animate the Progressive Conservative leader, he can certainly influence his successor and prevent the consummation of the injustice that threatens the French Canadians of Ontario."

All this fills the Liberals with glee. In Ontario any concession to Catholic and bilingual schools is bad politics in the Protestant ridings. Evidently a refusal of such concession is even worse politics in Quebec. Mr. Drew is cultivating Quebec rather assiduously, but Mr. Drew is no longer Premier and Minister of Education in Ontario. Even if he wants to, can he still deliver the goods?

• • •

The fuss over the two French-speaking Conservative M.P.'s had one pleasant result. It sent reporters to interview Renaud Chapdelaine, the newcomer from Nicolet-Yamaska, who turns out to be a very likable fellow.

Chapdelaine is a lawyer who got there the hard way. His father died when he was four, leaving his mother to bring up Renaud and two younger brothers. She managed to send all three boys to the *collège classique*, the private secondary school that's the only road to university for a French Canadian in Quebec. Renaud graduated, and then went to work as a taxi and bus driver until he had put his two brothers through university. Only after they were out and practicing—one as a doctor, the other as a lawyer—did he start his own law course.

He practices in Nicolet; Grits and Tories agree that he is well-liked there. His colleagues in the PC parliamentary group treat him as their white-haired boy.

Chapdelaine speaks almost no English. "You must have a lonely time," a reporter remarked, "among all those Ontario Conservatives."

"Not at all," said Mr. Chapdelaine. "I would say at least 50% of our members speak a little French—they understand the gist of what is said."

That was a loyal overstatement. Among the PC members John Hackett, who sits for Stanstead in Quebec's Eastern Townships, can make a speech in French without notes. Don Fleming and Davie Fulton have both worked hard at their French and speak with a good accent, but tend to look blank when conversation gets at all lively. George Drew is taking French lessons, but so far has ventured only one sentence in the House of Commons. If any other PC member can say more than "Bong joor, monsieur," he's been hiding his light under a bushel. However, they say they loosen up in their hours of relaxation.

"We get along fine on social occasions," one of them explained. "After a couple of drinks our boys can speak more French, and Chapdelaine can speak more English, than they thought they could." ★

## The Fabulous Shoemaker

*Continued from page 13*

their shoemaking methods . . . Bata's methods are now old-fashioned and inferior to those of his competitors."

Despite this, Bata does appear to insist on quality. Again he is stepping into his father's shoes. Bata, Sr., once called back a million pairs of workmen's boots because of a structural defect. He advertised for their return in full-page newspaper ads, promising an additional dollar above purchase price. He burned the lot.

### Click With "The Red Shoes"

Following last year's import ban, young Tom found himself with a big order for white rubber boots and no lacquer to finish them. He bought some Canadian-made lacquer and, to make good his delivery time, ordered it into production without the usual tests. (Bata is a stickler for getting orders out on time; he once sent his personal Buick 200 miles to deliver 30 pairs of shoes.) But customers found the lacquer peeled off after a day's wearing. Bata called the boots in and burned them.

In the 10 years since Bata opened his Canadian factory the name "Bata" hasn't appeared on his Canadian-made shoes, although it is on imported Bata shoes. Bata says this was because he did not consider them good enough. (Rivals say the foreign Bata name would have hurt his shoe sales.) They have been sold under more than a dozen trade names like Sunny Days, Feather Steps and Foot Gliders—now the largest selling teen-ager shoe on the market.

Today Bata believes his Canadian Batamen have mastered the shoemaking trade and this spring the first Canadian-made, Bata-trademarked shoes make their appearance.

Like his father, Bata has the public-relations sense. Bata, Sr., once hired a Czechoslovakian writer, Anthony Cekota to run 40-odd publications, including two daily newspapers which were used for political as well as business reasons. (Old Tom Bata was mayor of Zlin—his party held 32 out of 40 council seats.) Today Cekota works in Batawa (he's assistant general manager) and Bata, Jr., has more than 200 papers and periodicals under his wing.

Bata's advertising men know their stuff. Not long ago the firm was stuck with a load of red slippers. Bata's hucksterish advertising boss, Canadian Jim Taylor, thought up a tie-up with the J. Arthur Rank color movie, "The Red Shoes." Bata conferred with Rank personally in England, got exclusive publicity rights for his company. Off came the slipper's heels, on went a swatch of red ribbon, and the footwear became replicas of the red shoes. Bata is still selling red shoes as fast as he can make them.

Like his father, Bata has labor troubles, and, like his father, he has been called "a ruthless exploiter of labor." Bata, Sr., introduced the hated "apprenticeship system," under which young boys were quartered in youth camps and the cost of their lodgings deducted from their small earnings in his factory. Until they graduated as shoemakers, most of the rest of their earnings (less pay docks for wastages) were saved for them by the company.

Bata, Jr., has been accused of employing child labor in various parts of the world. He admits that in some of his African factories workers are con-

sidered to be 16—the legal working age—if they have hair under their armpits.

There are two unions at Batawa—a shoemakers' union and a machinists' union (AFL). At the moment of writing a new contract is being negotiated: the unions want a five-cent-an-hour increase, statutory holidays and two weeks' vacation with pay. (Present holidays: Christmas, Labor Day, one week's vacation.) Bata refused these demands and the issue went before a conciliation board.

Bata, Sr., sprinkled rock gardens and water fountains between his machines, and Bata, Jr., has followed this lead. At Zlin, where the factory buildings numbered 127 (the tallest: 17 stories), Bata, Sr., built tens of thousands of houses for his workers as well as recreation facilities—everything from sport arenas to industrial colleges.

Batawa is much smaller, but young Tom has done the same on a proportionate scale. He rents 185 Bata-built bungalows at from $4.75 to $7.50 per week. In the big staff house 100 workers board for $4 a week, and 200 DP workers bunk in duplexes at $1 a week.

They have free run of the shopping centre, including a Bata shoe store that sells shoes at low prices; extensive recreation facilities; and can see free movies and stage shows.

### Secretaries Wear Out Quick

At 9.30 each morning the machines stop for 10 minutes. Sandwiches, cakes, coffee and soft drinks are wheeled around on wagons while publicity director Duncan reads the Toronto Globe and Mail over the plant public-address system. On their way to the second-floor cafeteria, where chubby Charlie Graham sells 40- to 60-cent meals, workers pick up the daily Bata Bulletin which gives them news of Batawa doings from births to baseball results, and even tells them to love each other on St. Valentine's Day.

Bata tolerates no time wasting. Once he spotted two salesmen gossiping in the corridor. Said he: "On the basis of the salaries I am paying you, that is a 25-cent fish story you are telling," and walked away.

Pipe-smoking Tom Bata has an iron-clad "no smoking" rule at Batawa. He thinks smoking on the job wastes time. He doesn't smoke on the job himself—even in his own office. Recently he had an office visitor he wanted to impress. The visitor pulled out a cigarette, said he presumed Bata didn't mind him smoking. Bata stammered that he didn't smoke in the office himself but that it was all right for his visitor to do so. He pushed the wastepaper basket toward him as he didn't have an ash tray.

When the stranger left Bata's office half a dozen senior executives pounced on him. Horrified, they asked him to *please* put out his cigarette. "Mr. Bata doesn't allow *anyone* to smoke here," they cautioned.

Bata's office is a large, bright room with cream and natural wood walls. The floor is covered with a worn brown rug. On the walls are a painting of his firm-jawed father, a picture of the King, various production graphs and charts, miscellaneous membership certificates in various organizations like the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and an electric stoppage indicator which tells Bata exactly when, and for how long, any assembly line stops producing.

He works behind a low, squat, grey steel desk on which telephones, intercom system and papers are arranged with typical Bata exactness.

He starts his day at 7.30 a.m. by dictating the memos he's thought of during the night. He uses a Dictaphone, is a fast, rapid-fire dictator, seldom pauses until finished. Then his private secretary, tall, thin, bespectacled Bob Grieve, brings in the mail.

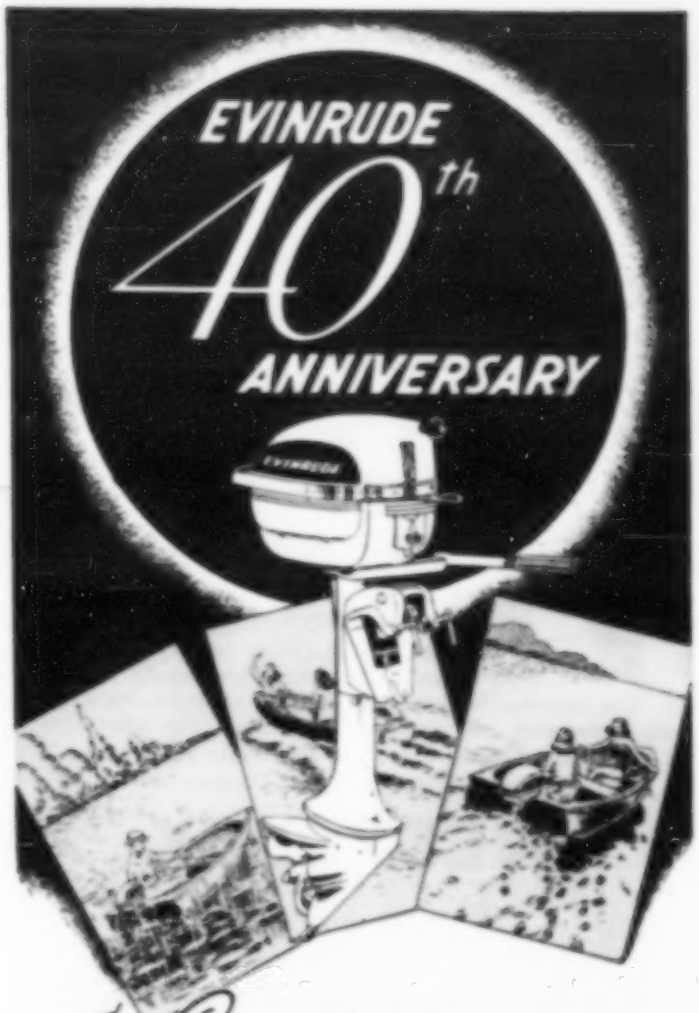
Bata has gone through 10 secretaries in as many years. One, a woman, had a nervous breakdown. Two others, men, couldn't stand the pace and quit.

While he spends part of each day on the business of his foreign plants and stores, during the five months of each year that he spends in Canada he concentrates on the development of his Canadian company. It has expanded in 10 years to include 52 retail stores from coast to coast. These bear the name "Falcon" or "Trent." The Canadian company also includes smaller factories at Belleville, Picton, Port Hope and Colborne (all in Ontario) and offices in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

At 9 a.m. Bata holds the first of a long series of conferences which, except for periodic inspection tours, last all day. The conferences deal with everything from sales to styles to labor troubles.

At noon Bata usually brings a business acquaintance or one of his executives home to his five-room, brick bungalow in Frankford, where his 21-year-old Swiss wife cooks the meals.

*Continued on page 59*

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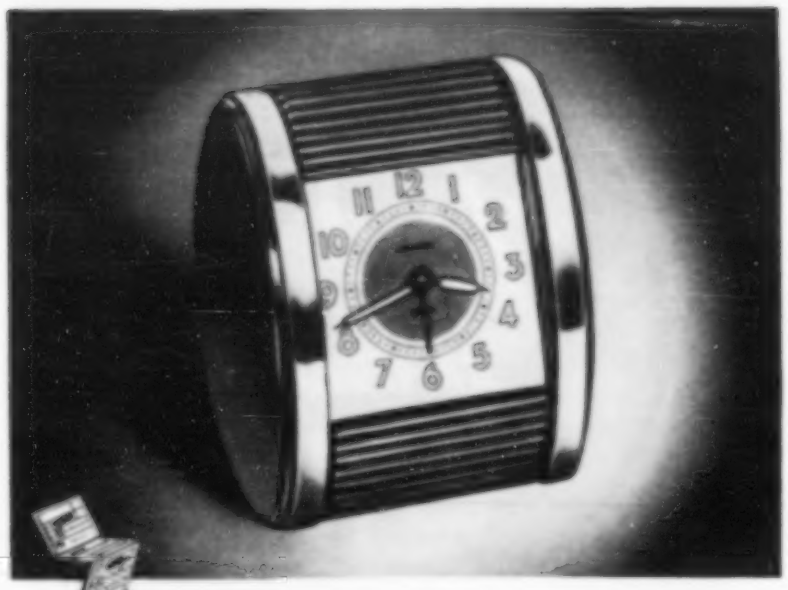

AT HOME OR AWAY, Travalarm is handsome in any setting, practical in any space. He's a clever little alarm that sets up for duty in a jiffy. You can read his luminous dial day or night; his alarm is gently persuasive and you just close his sliding front shutter and hinged easel back to protect him while you're travelling.

(Black finish nickel trim, $7.75; ivory finish gold colour trim, $7.95)

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of course!

Not 1, 2, 3 or 4 . . . but 15 exclusive features!

## MAILBAG

# Meteors, Mares Mazo and Marge

Your article on Mazo de la Roche by Eva-Lis Wuorio (Maclean's, Feb. 1) fails to mention one episode which I consider remarkable.

When the Atlantic Monthly held its first prize novel contest about 23 years ago, there were over 1,000 manuscripts sent in. Among the rejects was a manuscript named "Jalna." Its beautiful binding caught the eye of one of the editors. He picked it up and looked it over and did not put it down till he had read the whole book, and "Jalna" won the prize, $10,000. In this case chance corrected the inefficiency of others.—J. G. Steen, Prince Rupert.

### What, no Yoke?

The illustration for story "Next Year For Sure" (Maclean's, Feb. 15) appears to me to be lacking in important details. I quote: "She saw the grey mares come running around the feed bin with the neck yoke still between them." No neck yoke is shown in the picture nor the breast straps that it would be fastened by; also the martingales and belly bands are missing and the traces appear to go under the collars instead of over and attached to the hames.—H. R. A. Clark, Calgary.

### Biblical Bombing

C. Fred Bodsworth in "We're Bombed 75 Million Times A Day": "In our known period of history there is no record of a human being killed by a meteorite." Verse 11, chapter 10 of the Book of Joshua: ". . . the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them . . . more . . . died with hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword." This event was conterminous with the apparent standing still of the sun and moon and was no doubt a part of the astronomic phenomenon which occasioned the shower of meteorites — not hail.—William E. Laird, Portage la Prairie.

### Lady Doctors

Your article on the Women's College Hospital (Maclean's, Feb. 1) left the impression that I was the first head of the original dispensary on Seaton Street. This is incorrect. Credit should go to Dr. Jennie Gray-Wildman, now living in Barrie, Ont., and Dr. Ida Lynd (deceased).—I. S. Wood, M.D., Toronto.

### Vanishing Tax Cuts

In your Feb. 15 editorial should you not have gone further to recommend legislation to ensure that the sales tax cut which you urge would be passed on to consumer levels and not absorbed by middlemen? In the past, quite consistently, sales tax removals have been plums for the jobbers and dealers, but of little benefit to the ultimate consumer.—A. G. C., Edmonton.

### Discovery in Dayslend

We have received Maclean's for over a year, but it has been only the last three months that I have fully enjoyed this wonderful magazine. I just didn't read beyond the cover and the cartoons. But your mailbag woke me up. No sooner had I read these letters than I realized that I had missed a great deal. To what were these mailbag writers referring? I'll never know. But this won't happen again, for as long as we can afford a magazine in our home I'll read every article. For, now, the more I read it the better I like it.—Mrs. W. E. Tylusky, Dayslend, Alta.

### Margarine Frees the Farmer!

I have been a producer of butterfat for the past 25 years. When I first read your editorial (Maclean's, Feb. 1) re the high price of butter I was filled with indignation . . . However, after reading the article in the same issue about the production of margarine (the ease with which it is produced, the goodness of the product and its relative cheapness) I have become convinced that it will lead to the greatest emancipation since the abolition of slavery. Think of the thousands of farmers, their wives and children who will be free forever from the drudgery of milking cows. No longer will the farmer rise at dawn . . . and think of the long evenings.

There is one thing that worries me a little. If butterfat is no longer necessary, who is going to produce the skim milk to make the buttermilk which is an ingredient of margarine?—George Watson, Scotch Bay, Man.

# Cross Country

## THE MARITIMES

TO MANY P. E. I. farmers it looked like persecution.

The income tax committee of their Federation of Agriculture had spent the winter organizing meetings which denounced the operations of the tax gatherers and demanded abolition of the income tax on farmers. Then Allison Profitt, president of the federation and a member of the tax committee, was haled into court and charged with failure to file tax returns for four years. Angrily they crowded the magistrate's court room, applauded the defense council until they were shushed by the bench.

It was explained that the Profitt case was routine and that the Income Tax Department didn't have punishment in mind but did want his returns.

## QUEBEC

Titanium is a rare rather costly metal that is the darling of the paint industry—it's the base of a paint that is whiter, lighter and has more covering power than ordinary white lead. It's also the darling of Sorel, an up-and-coming town on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, 40 miles downstream from Montreal. There will be built a $15 million smelter to treat titanium-iron ores which will be hauled by boat from the Lake Allard deposit near the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

When the smelter, built by American interests, gets into production sometime in 1951, it will produce 800 tons of titanium oxide and 500 tons of high-grade iron ore a day. The titanium will be shipped to the U. S., the iron ore will be used in Canada. The smelter will use power in great gulps—150,000 h.p. in 1951 and perhaps half a million h.p. when production reaches peak.

## ONTARIO

Ontario jails chalked up an unhappy record in 1948—they received more guests than during any previous year in the province's history. A total of 35,598 were committed for trial and 30,613 of them were sent to reformatories, industrial farms or prisons. The latter figure exceeds the 1947 total by more than 5,000.

The report of the Department of Reform Institutions contains a census of the drinking habits of the prisoners under its care. It lists 3,878 as intemperate drinkers, 1,830 as temperate drinkers and 977 as total abstainers.

## THE PRAIRIES

The hungry European who sinks his teeth into Canadian horse meat may not know it, but he's nibbling away one of the foundations of that great western institution, the rodeo.

The slaughtering of wild horses and the reduction in free range land spells trouble for the stampedes. At the annual meeting of the Canadian Stampede Managers' Association at Calgary, delegates feared that within five years they wouldn't be able to find enough bucking broncos for their events.

"What are we going to do for broncs? Use wooden horses?" demanded Dirk Scholten of the Medicine Hat Stampede. One proposal was to urge ranchers to carry strings of horses exclusively for use in stampedes.

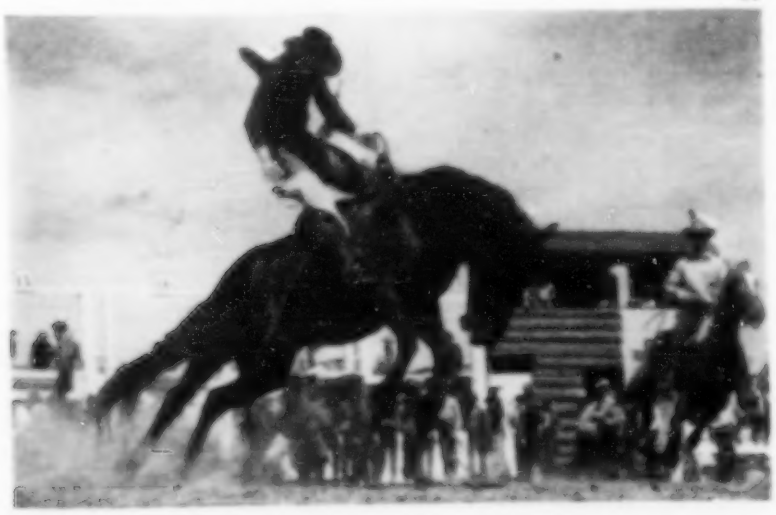
So many wild and scrub horses have been turned into meat in the Edmonton and Swift Current packing plants that the European market hasn't been able to take it all.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

Sunday is a big day for real-estate deals in British Columbia. That's when houses for sale are open for inspection, with a salesman on hand to get the name on the dotted line. This is an old custom—in the boom days special Sunday excursion trains used to take prospective buyers to the mushroom towns and thousands of dollars changed hands in deposits.

And it was all illegal, according to an important judgment by Judge Bruce Boyd in county court. The judge denied a real-estate salesman his commission for a transaction closed on a Sunday, even though he had dated his receipt for the next Monday. ★

What would the Calgary Stampede be without broncos? (see Prairies)



for travel Comfort

Go Canadian National

Go relaxed, in armchair comfort, surrounded by congenial company, with room, if you've a mind to, to stretch your legs and stroll through the big roomy coaches and club cars. Travel in carefree ease and enjoy, through wide, picture windows the endless variety of Canada's landscape slipping smoothly by. Delight in the appetite-tempting dining car meals, deftly and courteously served. Journey by night and there's rest in store for you in sleep-inviting accommodations, rooms and berths. When you Go Canadian National you arrive refreshed and relaxed. Only Canadian National serves all ten provinces. Its timetable is your guide to a wide choice of vacation areas.

Canadian National resorts Jasper, Minaki, Pictou and year-round hotels are famous for their hospitality. Famous, too, is the 10-day cruise north to Alaska on the luxurious new SS Prince George.

Start your vacation right by seeing your nearest Canadian National agent now.

"WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE AND TAKE YOU THERE"

RAILWAYS • AIRLINES • STEAMSHIPS • HOTELS • EXPRESS • TELEGRAPHS

CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES


# WIT AND WISDOM

**Versatility**—It's amazing, the list of things invented by the Chinese—civilization, gunpowder, paper, the movable capital, the forwarding address.—*Toronto Star.*

**Pshah!**—The Shah of Persia was fired at by a newspaper reporter. This is out of character; it's usually a "student."—*Brantford Expositor.*

**Busy Bee**—

You never hear the bee
complain,
Nor hear it weep and wail;
But if it wished it could unfold
A very painful tail.
—*Guelph Mercury.*

**High Mortality Rate**—A safety bulletin says that many accidents occur in the kitchen—and some of them are put on the dining room table.—*Galt Reporter.*

**The Little Steel Home in the East**—The Maginot Line has been pressed into service as emergency housing, and French families are living in its famous bunkers with the six-foot steel-and-concrete walls. At least there can be no complaints about noises from the next room.—*Stratford Beacon-Herald.*

**A Practical Tail**—"Everything you say about modernizing the place is perfectly true, son," a farmer remarked to his boy home from his vacation from college. "But just remember that while a cow may not have as good-looking a tail as a peacock, she can brush off a lot more flies with it."—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune.*

**To Bee or . . .**—"It would take one bee 64 years to make a pound of honey." And then some man or bear would probably steal the pound of honey. Aren't you glad you're not a bee?—*Port Arthur Chronicle.*

**All Depends on the Hat**—In New York a night club singer is accused of cruelty to a python. But surely to let the snake swallow a patron's hat is cruel to the patron rather than to the python?—*Toronto Star.*

**Pathological Pathos**—On no account, asserts a medico, should whisky be used in cases of snake bite. There goes science, taking all the pleasure out of being bitten by a snake.—*Brandon Sun.*

**Lose More Husbands That Way**—A Tennessee woman is accused of "killing her sixth husband." Assuming from this that she knocked off the whole half dozen, but lacking precise knowledge of what sort of husbands they were, we don't know whether to condemn the lady's performance or condone it.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

**WILFIE** **By Jay Work**

DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH YOUR TIRES DOWN!

**Worrying About a Flat Won't Help—SCHRADER WILL**

*and the Schrader way to keep your tires plump and happy is so easy.*

**First.** Insist on Schrader Valve Cores for replacement. Buy them in the handy box and keep them in your car. Then when a valve core is damaged you or your dealer can replace it in just about 55 seconds. Box of 5 only **45c**

**Second step** is just as simple. Be sure the valve mouth is sealed tight. Keep air in — dirt out — with Schrader Valve Caps. One on every tire valve is a must for maximum mileage. A box of five in your car so that lost caps can be replaced immediately is your "plump tire insurance" that costs just **38c**

**Next step.** Take ten seconds per tire to be sure. Proper tire inflation is so necessary to the safety and comfort of your ride as well as the life of your tires that you should make tire pressure checking a regular habit. And a Schrader Gauge gives such an accurate, fast, easy-to-read answer to your "how much pressure?"—question that its low cost will repay you over and over. **$1.01**

The "unexpected" always happens. And when you are let down with a soft tire you'll be happier with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump. Easy to use they are positive in action. Just remove one spark plug and insert pump. They perk up a soft tire in a few seconds while your engine idles and you idle too. Take the aches out of bad breaks with a Schrader Spark Plug Tire Pump—The engine works—you don't. Complete with gauge— **$6.55**

Always ask for Schrader. Don't buy less than the best. There's a Schrader product for every tire need.

**Buy Safely—Buy Schrader**

*at dealers everywhere*

**A. Schrader's Son Division**

Scovill Manufacturing Company

Toronto, Ontario

World's largest Manufacturer of Tire Valves, Gauges and Accessories

*Continued from page 55*

The same often happens at night, with Bata frequently returning to the office to stay until after midnight.

Although the official company language is English the Canadian factory has the ring of a Tower of Babel. For instance the designing department—where shoes are dreamed up—is run by a 38-year-old Czech, Jaroslav Janecka. His designers are French, Swiss, English, Danish, Indian and Canadian.

In the other departments where the shoes are made (each shoe goes through from 135 to 200 operations), Canadians are in the majority, but there are also 200 DP's, 100-odd British immigrants, and a sprinkling of Batamen from other countries.

Canadian workers at Batawa grouse bitterly because most of the department heads and foremen are Czechs. However, there are several Canadians holding down key executive posts at Batawa, and others have been sent out, as is the Bata custom, to carry the Bata banner in foreign lands.

### Million Pairs a Day

Few of Bata's 1,400 Canadian workers (½ women) can hope to rise to executive positions. Those who do will most probably come up from the white-collared ranks of the office jobs.

Most of the men around Bata are around Bata's own age (34). Advertising manager Jim Taylor is 34, as is Bata's *Jack-of-all-jobs*, Stan Brown (both Canadians), and rubber division manager J. Matthews (Englishman). Chief inspector of engineering Bob Leavitt (Canadian) is only 31. Anthony Cekota at 49 is the oldest of the top Batawa executives.

Last year Canadian shoe manufacturers had their worst season in eight years (mild winter weather and scant rain were partly to blame) and Bata admits he was no exception. Production of leather shoes in Canada was roughly 31 million pairs, a slump of 12,250,000 from the peak year of 1946.

Bata, who pulls a slide rule out of his pocket every time figures are mentioned, reckons his production at 5½% of the Canadian total, or well over 2 million pairs, not counting rubber footwear.

According to Bata, his world organization spews out a million pairs a day—which, if we take Bata's figures again, works out to a third of the world's production, between 800 million and a billion pairs a year.

Bata has 176 basic styles, each having three to 10 variations, in the works for spring. He predicts an upswing in "bold-look" shoes and wine and Burgundy colors. (Seventy-five per cent of all shoes made in Canada are now some shade of brown.) This shows the Americanization of Bata's ideas, though some critics say his shoes are still too European for Canadian taste.

Bata is gradually centralizing his control and directive power of his world enterprises in Batawa, and this is significant. Behind this move lurks the shadow of international politics.

The story of the political pressures that made Bata move the capital of his empire to Canada, and the story of his struggle to retain control of the Bata organization, will be told in the next issue of Maclean's.

For Bata, fighting the Communists in a dozen countries, is also fighting an international legal battle with his stepuncle Jan Bata, who, although a friend of Nazi Hermann Goering and a convicted war criminal, is still a potent power on the international scene. ★

(This is the second of three articles on the Bata enterprise)

**For healthier, handsomer hair**

**use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"**

The grand thing about Vitalis is that it keeps your hair looking so natural, so well-groomed—not obviously slicked. Vitalis will never embarrass you with blobs of grease or streaks of whitish film. Wives will be glad to know that a Vitalis-groomed head never stains pillow cases. Vitalis contains only fine vegetable oil to condition your hair—to keep it soft.

**Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"**

50 seconds to massage—10 seconds to comb. Vitalis stimulates as no non-alcoholic dressing can. It routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair. Get Vitalis today!

**For men who care for their hair.**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*
*Made in Canada*

# You'll be happier with a HOOVER

*Whichever type you prefer*

**Model 501** . . . *Hoover's great new cylinder cleaner. Easiest-to-use cleaner of its type. Cleans by powerful suction. Features new Dirt Ejector. Handles at end and top. Complete with cleaning tools in handy kit. Mothmizer and sprayer.*

**Model 501** . . . *Hoover's popular-priced Triple-Action Cleaner, with the exclusive principle—it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans. Gets deep-down dirt to prolong rug life. Keeps rug colors bright. Complete with cleaning tools in handy kit.*

Think of how often you use a cleaner. So think, think before you buy one. Everyone knows that Hoover is the best. More than eight million Hoovers sold have proved it. So why take less than Hoover when Hoover offers you the complete cleaner choice—two basic types, five great models. Be happy with a Hoover. And why wait?

## Get happier today

*Call your Hoover dealer today for a home showing of the model you prefer.*

***The New* HOOVER DUSTETTE**

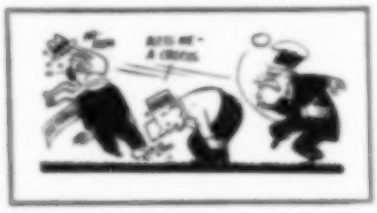
Prewar favourite. Now reintroduced to aid you with cleaning chores. Light, efficient, convenient. Ideal for automobiles . . . home furnishings . . . any item within easy reach. Ask your dealer to demonstrate.

THE HOOVER COMPANY LIMITED HAMILTON ONTARIO


# PARADE

## THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

WE HATE to drag this up, but we feel bound to tell you about a mid-February visit which the directors of the Vancouver Tourist Association paid to Victoria to attend a get-together of tourist and publicity folk. As if in apology for all the dirty tricks she had played on them during the winter, Nature provided a bright, sunny day for their arrival. The visitors promptly broke out sailor straw hats, doffed their suit coats, pinned daffodils to their chests and posed in a group for the photographer while squinting at the sun and mopping their brows. This, indeed, was the true B. C. winter



weather. Next day the Victoria Daily Times gave the photo four columns, but readers trudged to the newsstands to get their papers through two inches of snow which fell during the night.

• • •

A fellow in a plaid shirt who recently beat his way down out of the Ontario gold country has been telling us of a visit paid to that area by a photographer from an American magazine. On arrival in Kirkland Lake he asked a bank manager for some leads on colorful pictures of northern life. The manager happened to tell him about a prospector who periodically came to town by dog team for supplies, and in the middle of his story glanced out the window to see the very chap mushing up Government Road behind his sled and Huskies.

"Perfect," exclaimed the photographer, noting the glittering frost in the man's heavy growth of beard, his fur-lined parka hood, the snowshoes lashed to the sled, etc.

Hustling out of the bank the photographer made a date to meet the prospector at two o'clock that afternoon to get some pictures. When the time came, the photographer arrived at the appointed place, full of happy anticipation, to find the prospector Johnny-on-the-spot, too—immaculate in a pin-stripe suit, fresh shave, haircut and shine.

• • •

The student trailer camp operated by the University of British Columbia is as overcrowded and congested as any other housing development. Recently the camp committee forwarded to the authorities a long list of wants (new washbasin, baby bath, additional clothes racks, etc.), after which everyone in the camp sat back to wait hopefully.

Norman Mackenzie, U.B.C. president, came to inspect the camp, saw conditions with his own eyes and promptly ordered the desired equipment to be supplied. Perhaps it was a good thing he never heard the detailed order which went out to all residents of the camp prior to his arrival:

1. Women will cease all but the most urgent clothes washing. At H-Hour on D-Day they will rush the accumulated laundry through the washing machine and hang it on the racks.

2. Several lather-faced men will compete for mirror space, while others crowd around the washbasin with shaving tackle and look impatient.

3. Quarrelsome children will be placed together and encouraged to quarrel.

4. Other children will be encouraged to ride their tricycles around like mad.

5. Further measures will be taken to convince the President of the phenomenal birth rates, past and future.

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The late-season hockey game in Kingston had drawn a big crowd, including two overly enthusiastic sports whose normal ardor had been fanned by a breeze from a bottle. They leaned on each other for support and when one of the pair complained that he hadn't seen that last

goal scored his pal tried to give him a flash-back description. The struggle was too much for him, though, and he started to sputter. After one last gagging attempt to complete the play-by-play account, the narrator suddenly clawed at his mouth with both hands, hauled out his false teeth and placed them in the palm of his friend.

"H-here—y-you say it for me!"

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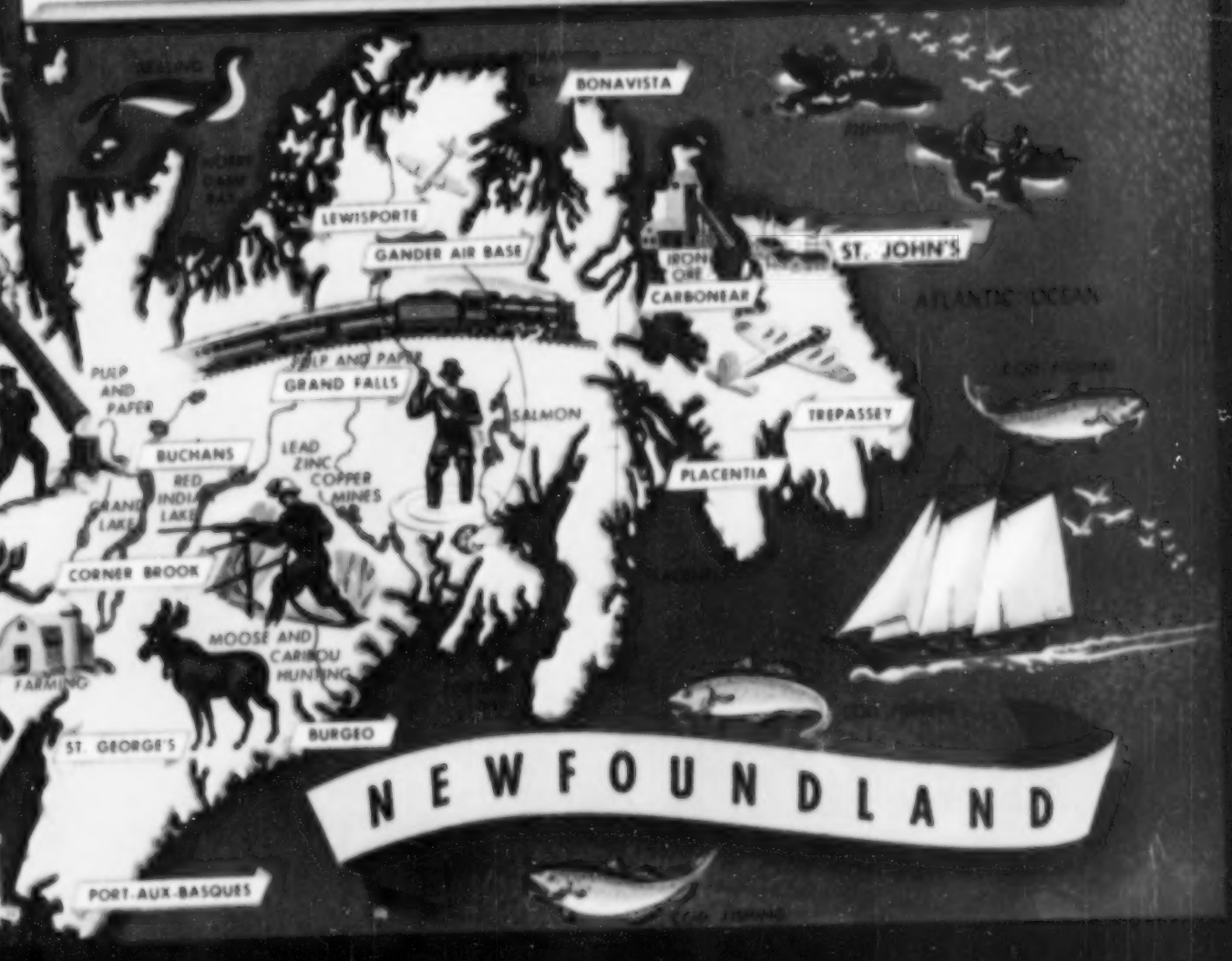

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